DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

VOLUME XVI. NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JANUARY 20, 1887. NUMBER 3

Published every week.
$1 50 a year, in advance.

"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."

Entered at the Post Office of New York, N Y as second class matter.

POETRY.

BECAUSE OF THEE.

My life has grown so dear to me
Because of thee!
My maiden with the eyes demure,
And quiet mouth and forehead pure,
Joy makes a Summer in my heart
Because thou art!

The very winds melodious be
Because of thee!
The roses sweeter for thy sake,
The waves in softer music break,
On brighter wings the swallows dart
Because thou art!

My sky is swept of shadows free
Because of thee!
Sorrow and care have lost their sting,
The blossoms grow to sunnets sing,
All things in my delight have part
Because thou art!

—*Celia Thaxter.*

STORY TELLER.

A LITTLE HEROINE.

The train I was in stopped at Brunswick, and a crowd of people swarmed over the platform, some leaving the cars, and full as many others entering them. My boxes and bundles were piled up on the seat beside me, so that people passed me by and let me have the seat to myself. The car was rapidly filling up, yet no one ventured to ask me if the place was engaged. However, my selfishness failed when I saw a girl—she couldn't have been more than twelve or fourteen—with her arms bandaged, limping painfully through the aisle. I knew she couldn't get a seat until she went into the next car, and her face was so pale I feared she would never reach it, so I put my bundles down and motioned her to the place beside me.

She sat down, with a sigh of relief.

"Thank you, ma'am. I'm not used to traveling; it sorter upsets me. This is the first time I ever rid in the cars."

"Where have you lived all your life?"

"I've lived in Brunswick, right near the depot, an' I've seen cars ever since I see anythink, but I've never been in 'em afore. These 'ere seats is comfortable, aint they? They must be pretty rich to have real velvet.

"Aint this splendid?" she cried, when the train started. "It's a sight easier then ridin' in a wagon."

She was so full of enjoyment that I offered her my seat next to the window. As she turned her head toward me I noticed, with a start I could not suppress, that her left eye was gone, and the eyelid sunken and discolored. Her hair was cut short, almost to the scalp, and her face scarred as if by fire.

Luckily, she had not observed my surprise when I saw her deformity, and thanked me pleasantly, saying she would rather not move, as she was "so comfortable, and it might set her arms aching."

"So you live in Brunswick?" said I.

"I've always lived there," she answered, "an' I don't know no other place. I guess we shall never go away, now mother's got the place paid for."

"She isn't with you?'

"Oh, no. She washes for the students, and cleans their rooms, so she has to work all the time. P'raps you've never seen the college buildings? You'd think Brunswick was pretty if you went up there; there's lots of trees and nice buildings."

"I suppose you keep house when mother is gone?'

"No ma'am. There's only mother an' I, for father died in the war. I work in the box factory."

I began to be interested. "The box factory? Was it not burnt down last week?"

Her face saddened.

"Yes ma'am. Then I did this," and she looked down on her bandaged arms.

"You are very young to work. Surely you can't earn enough to amount to anything to what the confinement is to your health."

"I'm sixteen. That's quite old, you know. The wages is small, but a 'sperienced worker gets good pay. When I begun, I did'nt earn more'n fifty cents a day; now I can git a dollar, an' sometimes more. We gits twenty six cents a gross. We has to cover a box and cover, which is counted as one. The boxes is small, and after you learn, you get on pretty quick."

"Tell me about the fire; that is, if it won't tire you."

"If you won't think me silly, I will tell you all about it."

"I certainly will not think that," I said, earnestly, and she fixed herself in a more comfortable position and began, and I give her narrative in her own plain, homely dialect, as well as I can recall it:

"About three months ago, I was working in the beginners' room. I'm small, an' like to be there, an' a girl came in to learn. She was a good deal younger than me, an' she was the prettiest girl I ever see. She had golden hair and blue eyes, and was dressed nice; that is, her clothes looked as if she had been rich once. Her mother was a widder, like mine, and had come to Brunswick to give lessons in elocution. The girl says to Mrs. Myers, our boss: 'I'd like to learn this trade. We are poor, very poor indeed, and I want to help mamma.'

"The color came into her face when said it, and she looked ready to cry. Mrs. Myers sat her down by me, and begun to teach her. Pretty soon she was called upstairs, an' she told me to help the new girl. I turned round to tell her something, an' she see my eye. It's been put out for years, an' I've sorter got used to it, though it makes me feel bad sometime. A boy did it with his bow and arrow. Well, she see it, and she says:

"'Don't turn round again, for heaven's sake! I'd rather never learn than see that horrid eye, it makes me faint.'

"Then she put her head on the table and began to cry; but Mrs. Myers came down after a while and helped her. She never could work very fast, an' sometimes I'd help her when I'd got my stint done. I didn't think no harm of what she said, an' though she wouldn't sit by me and hardly ever spoke to me, it was no more than she done to the other girls. They called her 'My Lady,' just in fun, you know.

"The mornin' the factory burned she went 'way up to the loft, up in the attics, to carry up some boxes. She'd never been up there afore, an' I was awonderin' if she could find her way down again, when I smelled a horrid smell, the room got full of smoke, an' folks futside begun to holler 'Fire!'

"The girls overhead came screamin' down, an' them in the room with me climbed out the winders, an' some on 'em fainted. Mrs. Myers was gettin' 'em out, an' no one thought of 'My Lady.'

"The fire broke out in the second story; it was all aflame, an' she could not get down.

Something put it into my head that there was a small stairway hardly ever used 'cause it was so ricketty, an' I could go up this way to the top of the house.

"The door was rusty; I had to pull till my hands bled, but I got it open an' ran up those stairs. The second floor landing was so hot that it burned my shoes, an' I could hear the flames cracklin' behind the door. The third floor landing was a sheet of flames; the fire had burned up through. I jumped over the fire and pulled open a burning door—when I was trying to unlatch it I burned my arms—but I got it open and run into the further room. The smoke was so black an' choping I could hardly breathe, but I got to the front stairs, an' there she was, kneeling down praying. The flames was coming up then, an' behind her was the black smoke, an' she, not knowing nuthin' about the place, would a' died.

"I caught hold of her arm. I scared her, but she only said: 'God sent you!' an' followed me. Up there in the smoke I thought of a thing I'd heard, that to cover up your head with your dress would keep you from suffocating.

"Both of our dresses was woolen, an' we wrapped 'em round us. I took her hand, and we run down the stairs; they was afire, cracking an' coarring underneath our feet; but the water from the engines kept it down, an' we got a sprinklin', too, which I think saved us, as our clothes was awfully hot, an' burned our hands jest to tech 'em.

"We reached the lower floor just as the top of the building fell in. The draught of air made a great flame reach right up (it seemed so to me) into the sky.

"Outside the crowd had jest missed us, an' mother and her mother was arunnin' round prayin' the firemen to go in after us; but of course they couldn't.

"When we came out, all black an' burned, you oughter heard the cheer they set up. I jest remember mother's face, an' hearin' Judge Barker say: 'She's a heroine, ma'am.' Then I guess I fainted.

"Well, I've been sick a spell; now I'm going up to the hospital in Portland to git cured. Folks has been very, very kind; mother says she never kin forget 'em nor I either.

"My lady' has got the brain fever, an' is very sick; but she's got a uncle or some relation come from California, so I guess she'll never have to work again.

"Is this Portland? I git out here. I hope I haven't tired you, ma'am; I'm an awful talker, mother says."

"You have interested me greatly." I replied, taking out my purse. "Now let me make you a little present; you may need money."

"No, I thank you, ma'am," she said, with dignity. "Mother doesn't allow me to take any money unless I earn it, an' I have enough to pay my way. Good by."

"Tell me your name first," I said, following her to the door of the car.

"Patience Morse, ma'am, named after my Aunt Patience. It's a queer name, but I sorter like it."

She limped away into the depot, and I wrote down her name, and down in my heart her story, so simply told, yet so noble and grand in its simplicity. She had not had the opportunities and refinement, but did ever knight or lady carry a nobler heart?—*Youth's Companion.*

A Week's Visit in Ulster County.

The Christmas vacation found us in Ulster County, N. Y., where snow covers the ground to the depth of seven inches. In spite of cold weather, we started on a flying visit to friends of S. H. Winne, who accompanied us, for the week's holidays.

We arrived at Kingston from New York City, by the West Shore R. R., at 12 PM We slept at the Eagle Hotel, of which the proprietor is Mr. Winne's uncle.

The next day, we visited a deaf gentleman, who welcomed us with great politeness. It was Mr. George W. Walker, who is a very nice and agreeable gentleman. He could hear well by the aid of the tube. He lost his hearing from suffering, when he was taken a prisoner by the Rebels during the Civil War.

As far as we can remember, when the war broke out between the Confederate and Union armies, he ran away from home and took up arms against the Rebels. He had fought many battles bravely, but he, at last, was captured by a Rebel officer, while he was on the point of taking a red sash, which had been worn by a dead Rebel officer, if I mistake not, and which he keeps at home now. He, then, with many wounded Union prisoners, was brought to Andersonville, Ga., a place, which the Northern people can never, nor will ever forget, as a bloody and cruel one. There he lost his hearing, while thousands of prisoners died from starvation and cruelties. He remained there several months, with heavy chains fastened to his ankles and wrists, under the hot sun, until he and some others were exchanged for Rebel prisoners. Now he was once more a free man. Presently, the surrender of General Lee was make known, and General Grant was victorious. He was discharged with honors for his bravery, and went home gladly.

He arrived at Kingston, and knocked at the door of his mother's house, knowing that she was his mother but she did not recogniz him as her son, as he was greatly changed. He asked her if she could give him some bread, for he was hungry. He was invited in. Sitting at the table, he saw his mother weeping, and asked why she wept. Soon he was told that his likeness reminded her of her son, named Geo. Walker, who ran away to the war, and she thought he was now dead in Andersonville, for she heard he was taken a prisoner there. George smiled unnoticed, and as he was going to bed, he could not bear his secret any longer, so he cried: "My mother." Thus the secret of his identity was made known, and he and his mother embraced, weeping for gladness.

The following day, we went to Whiteport, and there we were received politely by Mr. and Mrs. Merrit Ostrander, who are both deaf. They are a nice and agreeable couple. Mr. Ostrander graduated from the Old 50th Street School, and his gentle wife from the Michigan School. They have two hearing children—girl and boy—who are wonderfully intelligent. We staid at their home one night, and had a good time talking with them over old folks.

On returning to Kingston, we stopped at Eddyville at Miss Davis' house, and saw there Miss Ida Atwell. She and Miss Davis are pupils at the Fanwood School, and are at home for the Christmas holidays.

A few days later, we visited Mr. and Mrs. Irwin, *nee* Miss Etinger, in Creek Locks, who welcomed us. If I mistake not, they graduated at the Fanwood School some many years ago. They have a nice and sweet hearing baby, nine months old, whose name is Jesse.

After visiting other places, we returned to Kingston, one day before the 1st of January.

Staying at Mr. Winne's house, we were surprised and glad, too, to see Mr. C. D. Edmonston and his deaf sister, who were brought thither by their hearing brother. They stopped at their brother's one night at Kingston, on Jan. 1st. They went home the following day to Newburgh, where they live. Mr. Edmonston, now a compositor on the *Newburgh Daily News*, graduated at the Fanwood School some seven years ago, and his sister ten. Miss Edmonston is working on overalls in a factory with Miss Riley, a semi mute lady, at Newburgh.

Mr. and Mrs. Chester Q. Mann, of Washington Heights, were seen at Newburgh, the week before January.

Miss Pauline Van Buren, a semi-mute girl, aged about seventeen years, lives in Kingston. She has been taught to speak only by a governess at her house. She has never attended any public schools in her life. Her teacher, named Miss Hicks, was once the writer's teacher at the 44th Street School, when the writer was a pupil there.

On January 3d, the writer bade good bye to the County of Ulster, having had a good time there, and took the train for New York.

Jan. 6, '87. NAIRUD.

A week in Columbus, O.

On Christmas Day, I took the train for Columbus to take in the holiday sights, as I have not been in that city during holidays since I left school there, way back in '75. The holiday displays in nearly every show window were, as a general thing, splendid. After stopping a short time at the American House, I left in company with Frank Gillespie, a pupil for the institution. Arriving there, we met Supt. Pratt in the main hall and exchanged greetings, then passed on into the boys' dormitory. Gillespie kindly showed me around as far as any thing of interest was concerned. Took Christmas supper there by invitation of Supervisor Flenniken, who is known by all his acquaintances as a generous hearted fellow like his brother, "Pomp." Those of the ex-pupils who happened to be in my company, and supped with me and Mr. Flenniken, were Lounie A. Kingry, of Orient, and Thos. Goldsmith, Grove City. After supper, we had the pleasure of attending the social party for the pupils, which was a splendid affair in every respect. I met many of my friends, both among the pupils and visiting ex-pupils at the party. Among those in attendance from abroad, besides those I have already mentioned, were Mr. B. S. Straw, father of Miss Mary Straw, one of the teachers, Emory Shoop, Delaware, Alfred A. Monnin, Canton, Jackson Bates, Westerville, Lester Sowers, Jacob Lauer, John Brown, Charles McGee, Charles McKeever, and last, but not least, Prof Thornton Harley, the deaf-mute pugilist of Mt. Vernon. The party passed away quietly, in various ways, the roller-skating taking the leading part. Sunday evening, we attended the Methodist Church, cor. Broad St. and Washington Ave, where Mr. Haskins, one of the hearing teachers, interpreted the sermon for the mutes. A few of the older pupils were allowed to attend. Mr. Haskins had for his assistant, Mr. Downing, also one of the hearing teachers. While one interpreted the other would keep watch over the mutes to see that they were being benefitted by the sermon. At one time, during services, the interpreter espied, or rather he thought he espied a certain "figure," in conversation with a lady pupil, so all in atwinkling, the sermon was at a stand still, with the good man's eyes nailed fast to the "figure." But lo, and behold, the assistant, in the corner, had two eyes, and a mouth, too, so he made use of them, by informing Mrs. Rose, the matron of the Institution, and she, the next day, with wringing hands, gave that lady to understand that she must go to church no more, etc. But what if the lady's mother learns this? Why, she'll go to church, and don't you forget it. I'll go over to New Year's Eve, now. That evening was also spent at the Institution, in attendance at the masquerade party, which was just grand in every respect. Again, roller skating was the favorite pastime. Some of the masks were very pretty. Those that attracted the most attention were the one that represented the editor of the *Chronicle*, and the two that represented Emma and Maud, a correspondent for that paper. The most beautiful masks that came under my notice were worn by Miss Emma R. Kob, Frank Gillespie, and Mr. Rose, son of the matron. All in all, the "Masque" will be one long to be remembered by all who participated.

Happening to drop in at the Institution, Saturday evening, after eight o'clock, I found, to my surprise, that the boys and girls were again having a social gathering, only to be dismissed at nine o'clock.

ROBIN HOOD.

COLORADO.

AN OPEN LETTER TO "FREE LANCE"
—LAMENTATIONS.

Dear "Free Lance."—It has been a good while since I wrote to you, and I know you must feel hurt at my long silence. But a fellow must get used to feeling hurt. I have felt hurt ever since the last State election. I know it will fill you with grief and astonishment to learn that my friend, Governor Adams, of this city, who was lately inaugurated, has not felt yet a need of me in his business. I don't know why it is. Maybe his nibs of the State house has hired all the men he can use, during the winter, or, may be, I am too old a democrat. The demand seems to be for fresh ones—those that have never been used. Any way, whatever the reason is, I am left out of the food, and the rigors of a cruel winter are upon us; (it arrived unexpectedly yesterday,) and, as I sit thus upon the door step, as it were, with no companion except my long suffering but short tailed overcoat (now serving its third term), I can scarcely refrain from exclaiming, in the language of the prophet, "Oh, Judas, ain't it cold?"

But 'twas ever thus. Day unto day bringeth hope, and night unto night knocketh the spots out of the same. You never do know what is a-coming. A man may be born and reared in affluence, only to die in the West. The best way is to press the limit while you are in luck, for you know not at what hour the cold deck will be rung in.

They say that "whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth," and from the little tokens of divine affection that have been showered upon me lately, I am led to believe that I stand in high favor in the Courts above.

Aside from the official disappointment already mentioned, I have suffered divers other tribulations, which have come so rapidly and continuously, that it is a wonder I have not soured in the world, married, and settled down to solid, matrimonial misery. Scarcely had my shattered nerves recovered from the rude shock received from a contemplation of the carnage wrought by the "talented" preacher-editor Frank Read's last fierce onslaught upon the King's English, when Thanksgiving day arrived. Now, Thanksgiving day may be a good enough day for some folks, but it don't agree with me. The same may be said of Christmas, and New Year's, and in fact, all public holidays. We Americans are the victims of too much joy. The Russian is perfectly contented to plod along all the days of his life, without ever mounting a decorated platform, or puzzling his palate with an analysis of the whisky cocktail, if you will only allow him to go out, once in a while and disintegrate a Czar. Even the poor German is happy with his vine-embowered cot, his Meerschaum pipe and an occasional shot at some member of the royal family; but the American's mania, is for vainglorious bombast and booze. New Year's day left my moral nature and my liver in a miserable plight. My conscience, being of Pennsylvania mould, and elastic to a fault, easily recovered its habitual vivacity and general disregard of consequences, but my liver remains obstinate.

I have not, before, been much addicted to temperance, but when I awoke, in the morning of the 2nd of January, and found what a scorching drought may pervade a man's system even in mid-winter, the scales fell from my eyes, and seeing the errors of my ways, I seized a pitcher of ice and water and irrigated my internal economy to the depth of eight inches. I found this water a delightful beverage, and, so eager was I to make up the time I had fooled away on the devilish distillation from Kentucky, that I drank of the sparkling and bright, almost incessantly, for twenty four hours, and went slashing about in aqueous ecstacy. Since that time, I have not tasted a drop of anything stronger than beef tea, except in case of sickness or when same friend would be leaving town, or some unforeseen emergency of that kind. Of course I would not advise any one to follow my example and become, as I did, a temporary water fiend, but a moderate use of the liquid may be indulged, I think, without material danger or detriment.

I now come to my final disaster. It all came about through indulgence of my over-weening ambitions. What a sermon I might preach here! "Free Lance," cast your eye backward, over your left shoulder, and squint along down the dim corridors of time and notice how the mighty have fallen! Cæsar, Bonaparte, and myself,—Ah! ambition! ambition! how thou hast knocked us out! But to my tale, as the dog said when the flea bit him. It happened at the skating rink. Most of my saddest accidents I have met casually at the rink. I had a grand act that I wanted to perform. I wanted to take the thirty third degree as a rinkist and become a beneficiary of the institution, exempt from all taxation and free to go as I pleased. I had conceived the stupendous idea of turning a clear somersault on the rollers. I did not give away my scheme. I buckled on the skates, backed up against the southern railing and waved the people off the track. Triumph was in my eye. I was going to make them stand aghast in speechless admiration. With one exultant whoop I rushed forward, reached the proper point, reared up on my hind feet, sprang toward the rafters, reversed myself gracefully and made the floor. These are all the particulars I can give of the fateful affair. There is a big horse-tooth sticking in the floor of the rink. It is mine. And my nose—Grandpa Oppenheimer remembers what a good one it was. He used to guy me about it, while I and him were discussing free lunch, on Fifth street near Vine street, in the winter of 1881, and ask me where I got it, etc., but I valued it highly—well, you ought to have seen it! It was fearfully contorted; in fact I haven't got all the contorts out of it yet. I am glad to say, however, that the somersault was not a complete failure. Bystanders assure me that the first half of it was a complete success. I merely blundered in the denouement.

Since the rink episode my features have assumed gigantic proportions, and I wear a general expression that has already caused three runaways and considerable loss of life and property. This facial deformity has its advantages though. Only yesterday some one tapped me lightly on the shoulder from behind. It was my washer woman asking for six bits. I turned my beaming countenance full upon her; terror stricken, she fled. She has not yet been found.

I am now enjoying a blissful season of neuralgia and prayer. Every once in a while I go down to the dentist and get a few molars and pieces of jaw bone wrenched out, and then I go back to my room and kick over the cuspidore and smash the looking-glass, after my usual manner of conducting my private devotions. Life is real, life is earnest, you bet, and, if you think it ain't lively up about my room, you never had infernal torment located in your upper jaw.

Consecutively yours,
SOLID MULDOON.

PUEBLO, COL, 1-12-'87.

Badger State News.

DEAR JOURNAL:—Mr. Charles E. Badger, Editor of the *Deaf-Mute Times*, at Delavan, Wis., is the happy father of a little son, who was born on the 23d ult. He is a polite gentleman.

John Heinz, a deaf-mute, lost his life by drowning while crossing the ice at Sturgeon Bay, on the night of the 4th. His body was discovered next day. He was educated in the Wisconin Institution.

The Milwaukee *Sentinel* says that John Mills, aged 60, and a deaf-mute, of Minnesota, who was run over and killed by a freight train, the 20th ult., at Elkton, Wis., was the first principal of the Deaf and Dumb Institute, at Delavan. Mr. Mills paid a visit to his brother before his death. He was a graduate of the New York Institution.

Your correspondent's father went to Waterloo, N. Y., on business on June 30th, 1886, returning home all right on July 9th. He will go back there on business this winter.

The Wilwaukee *Wisconsin* says that Carl Hachbacht, a deaf-mute of the town of Paris, Kenosha Co., Wis., attempted to stab his father, and then felled his mother with a stick of wood, last June. His sanity is questioned. He was sent to a school for deaf mutes, to be educated at Delavan.

We were informed that Miss Ella Linsday, a mute lady, lived in Beechwood, Wis., with her parents, and then removed to St Louis, Mo., from that place last fall. Miss Linsday had been educated at Delavan, for a number of years.

Your correspondent has no more news for the JOURNAL, owing to the sarcity of the deaf people hereabouts.

1-10-'87. A CHAMPION BOY.

California Institution.

(*From the Berkeley Evening News, Jan. 7.*)

The Legislature organized yesterday and Governor Stoneman submitted his message. It is quite a lengthy paper, and discusses the various matters of interest to the State. Among other things, he thus kindly refers to this Institution:

THE DEAF AND DUMB AND BLIND.

The report of the School for the Deaf and Dumb and Blind is herewith submitted. The number of pupils under Instruction during the two years embraced in its review was 180, of which 30 have been graduated or discharged and have become absorbed in the productive forces of the State. The report gives in full detail the itemized expenditures for the support of the Institution and the education of its pupils, amounting to $91,370. There is no deficit and no increase of appropriation is asked for, except for increased facilities in the Articulation and Art departments.

There is no class of children in the State who appeal more strongly to public sympathy than the deaf and dumb and the blind, and I have reason to believe, from frequent personal inspection, that no school of its kind in the country is doing its beneficent work in a more satisfactory manner than the institution at Berkeley.

In the connection it gives me pleasure to acknowledge the honor done our State and this institution by the holding at Berkeley of the eleventh national convention of American Instructors of the deaf and dumb. It was a large gathering of unusually intelligent workers in a worthy cause, and the meeting cannot fail to be of permanent benefit to the unfortunate class to whom these earnest men and women have devoted their lives.

Richmond, Va.

Rev. Job Turner was in the city, on his way to Staunton, Va., his home, on the 7th of last month. He visited "J. H. H," at the printing office where he is employed.

Mr. James A. Bassett and his family have gone to Chicago, Ill., where they will remain until next spring, when they will start for California to reside there.

Eldie G. Ball, who has been out of employment for a long time, has gotten employment in a collar factory in this city, and commenced work last week.

"J. H. H." broke through the ice while skating, but he rescued himself by climbing a railroad bridge under which he went skating, and also fell in the water, last week.

Patrick Bahen was sent to St. Luke's Home in this city, on account of sickness, a few weeks ago. But he is on the road to recovery again.

Marcellus Laube is at present attending school at Fordham, N. Y.

J. H. H.

January 14, 1887.

NOTICE.

Catholic mutes are specially requested to attend the Sunday meeting in St. Francis Xavier's, West Fifteenth Street, next Sunday. If Father Freeman is not present, Father Becker will ddress them.

Subscribe for the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JAN. 20, 1887.

E. A. HODGSON, Editor.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, (published at 162d Street and Tenth Avenue) is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence: the best writers contribute to it.

TERMS:

One copy, one year,	$1.50
Clubs of ten,	1.00
If not paid within six months,	2.50

These prices are invariable. Remit by post office money order, or by registered letter.

☞ Terms, cash in advance.

CONTRIBUTIONS.

All communications must be accompanied with the name and address of the writer, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith. Correspondents are alone responsible for views and opinions expressed in communication.

Contributions, Subscriptions and Business Letters to be sent to the
DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL,
Station M, New York City.

Specimen copy sent to any address on receipt of five cents.

Rates of advertising made known upon application.

IT is now a month since a horrible murder was committed in North Carolina. The slayer and the victim were both deaf-mutes. Time has only demonstrated the fact beyond doubt that Walter L. Bingham committed the deed, and the Grand Jury have found that, previous to it, he was probably guilty of a crime equally horrible. It is said that he is insane, and those who have seen him, appear convinced that such is the case. We do not wish to prejudice the matter by publishing an opinion one way or the other. When he is caught—if his capture does occur—the courts will decide whether it was bad temper or insanity. In the meantime, it is natural to inquire why he has not been arrested before this. His escape from justice will be a powerful stimulant to crime. Others will think it possible to become criminals, and then escape the iron hand of the law. We understand that detectives are scouring the country for traces of him, but their efforts have so far been unavailing. Rumors, from time to time, have been circulated to the effect that he was arrested in different places, but they have lacked authenticity, and a little investigation has shown them to be false. A reward of $800 is offered for his apprehension, yet no one has come forward to claim it. His brother, who is greatly troubled concerning the deplorable tragedy, has engaged private detectives to find the missing mute, but they have not yet discovered his whereabouts. A couple of weeks ago, a deaf-mute, answering the description of Walter L Bingham, both in dress and stature, was in the town of Catskill, N. Y. The identity of this person has not been established, but there is a strong probability that it is he who is being diligently hunted for far and wide. In the face of this fact, would it not be well to prosecute a vigorous search in that vicinity. We would make another suggestion, and that is, that the reward for his apprehension be doubled or trebled. The reward offered is very small, compared to the magnitude of the crime. North Carolina should surely place a higher value upon the importance of vindicating its power and determination to ferret out and punish any one who may transgress its laws.

THE Gallaudet Memorial Fund makes a good showing in this week's bulletin. The figures are climbing up to the ten-thousand-dollar mark, and ere a great many months elapse, we are convinced that the summit will be reached. Illinois is doing nobly, and promises to continue its good work. Some of the other States are going ahead quietly and effectively, and deserve credit for their perseverance. But would it not be better to make a little more noise about it. What we want just now, is enthusiasm—a kind of electric spark of hopeful determination, that will spread and pervade the innermost feelings of deaf-mutes everywhere. We want to hear everything that is going on in this matter—who helps it along and who does not, who remains passive and who keeps up the high pressure of earnest endeavor. Here in New York, a plan has been adopted, which promises to bring New York's quota up to $1,500. On February 22d, a dramatic performance will be given in the chapel of the New York Institution, the proceeds of which will go to the Fund. The talent of those who will take part and the capacity of the chapel, will play an important part in augmenting the receipts. We believe there will be "standing room only" for those who do not purchase tickets at an early date.

ITEMIZER.

There is a letter for Miss Amelia Fleischauer at the JOURNAL office.

Mr. Elias P. Cripe, of Goshen, Ind., visited Mr. Whitmore and Mr. Cross during the Holidays.

Carl Webster, of Pomfret, N. Y., eldest son of Ahrina G. Webster, (deaf-mute) died suddenly Dec. 22d, 1886, in his 20th year.

Miss Florence Delong, of Wichita, Kansas, a charming accomplished lady, spent a short visit with Mrs. Chas. L. Minor, of Independence, Mo.

The Secretary of the Newark Deaf-Mute Association wishes it known that Robert M. Bailey has no connection with said Association.

Mr. and Mrs. George Homer have removed permanently from their home in Boston, and now reside in New Bedford with their daughter, whose marriage took place Wednesday, January 5th.

About thirty mutes attended the Christmas Eve Party at the home of Mr. and Mrs. E. Bowes, near Michigan City, Ind. Quite a jolly time was had by every one who was present.—*La Porte, Ind, Argus.*

In the item referring to Harry White's brothers having obtained the contract of building the New York Aqueduct, it should have read a subcontract for section work with their gang of men upon the said aqueduct.

Miss L. M. Kenyon of Westfield, Ind, expects to pay a visit to her friends at Indianapolis soon. Her father came home from Chicago on the 8th of this month where he has been since the second of September last.

Mr. John A Mills, of North Manchester, Ind., will go on a trip to Chicago, Ill., Minneapolis St. Paul, and Owatonna, Minnesota, Sioux City, Council Bluffs, Des Moines, and Burlington, Iowa, St. Joseph, and Kansas, Missouri, Leavenworth, and Atchison, Kansas.

Mr. J. Loving, of Union Mills, Ind, is one of the mute dudes in La Porte County, but now the only brave bachelor, who saved the life of Miss Acheson, of Boston, Mass., before New Year's Day. Miss Acheson's dress caught fire, while warming herself at a stove.

Mr. Homer J. Higby, of Olean, N. Y., while traveling in Pennsylvania, visiting his relatives and friends, met Miss Lizzie W. Cummings, of Riceville, on the train, and had a three hours' chat with her. She is a teacher, and can talk on her fingers with grace and celerity.

Miss Eva Heeter, of North Manchester, Ind, who has been attending the school for deaf-mutes at Indianapolis, for the last five years, came home to spend the holidays. On account of bad health, she will not return to that Institution, before the fall term.

Since the Rev. Austin W. Mann began his ministrations among the deaf-mutes of our central western dioceses, 345 of his people have been baptized and 286 confirmed. There are now in our land, about 600 deaf-mute communicants.—*The Churchman, New York, January 8.*

It will be seen by a notice in another column that Mr. George A. Holmes, not being satisfied with the result of a gathering of the Deaf-Mutes of New England in aid of the Memorial Fund, a year ago at Paine Hall, in Boston, has arranged for another to take place February 22d, which it is hoped will be much more successful, and we advise all our readers to attend who can.

Durant T. Richardson, who had the misfortune of being deaf and dumb, died after a brief but severe illness on the 18th inst, aged 60 years. The funeral service took place at the M. E. Church on Sunday morning last, conducted by the Rev. J. Garnet. The sacred edifice was crowded to its utmost capacity by sympathizing neighbors and friends.—*Fredonia Advertiser and Union, Dec. 18, 1886.*

Last week, a tramp, who pretended to be deaf and dumb, was making the rounds of the business houses, begging, by means of writing on an old piece of slate, which he obtained at the store, by "making signs." His actions gave him away, and the city marshall was soon into his schemes, who found him in a store, engaged in writing his wants and misfortunes on a slate, and addressed him thusly: "Now you git" The fellow was not so deaf, but what he heard the warning, and immediately got."—*Goshen, Ind, Weekly News.*

Mr. C. Boyle, Jr., of Carlo, Ill, writes:—A tragedy occurred at Creal Springs Station on the Y. C. & C. line, a few miles northwest of the city, Friday night, January 7., which will probably result in the death of two men. The victims are named Skidmore and Ford, the latter being a deaf mute. Both lived in the same house, a double house, and were using water from the same well. There had been bad feeling between them for some time, resulting from rivalry in business. Friday night Ford went out to the well for water, and Skidmore came out for the same purpose. The meeting resulted in a quarrel in which violent expressions were used, which terminated by Ford drawing a pistol and shooting Skidmore in the side. He was about to fire a second shot, when Skidmore grabbed the pistol, wrenched it from his hand and turned it upon him inflicting a wound similar to that which he himself had received. Both men are in a critical condition and not expected to live.

Miss Alfa Robertson, a semi mute teacher at the Indiana Institution, is said to be seriously ill. Grave fears are entertained as to her recovery.

On completing their work here, the representatives of Pach Bros., Mr. A. L. Pach and Mr. C. Lane, go to their studio at Wellesley College, Wellesley, Mass. Their Amherst season has been highly successful, and they have already made numerous appointments for their spring season.—*Amherst Record, Jan. 14, 1887,*

ARE THERE DEAF-MUTE BURGLARS?

MR. YUBROD DISCOVERS A TACITURN MAN GLEANING IN A BARREN FIELD.

William Yubrod, who lives with his wife and children on the ground floor of the rear tenement at 36 Forsyth street, heard somebody stumble over a stool in the front room at 2¼ yesterday morning. A lamp burning directly on the mantel revealed indistinctly the figure of a short, thick-set man. Yubrod, who is a strongly built man, shouted to him without getting an answer, and then sprang out of bed and rushed at him. The man ran into the narrow hallway, where Yubrod caught him by the collar and tried to hang on until help came. The burglar wrenched himself free and fired a small pistol at Yubrod's breast. Yubrod still blocked the way to the hall door, and his assailant ran back into the room and clambered through a window that he had forced open to get into the house. As soon as he got out he flung his pistol on the pavement and ran. The pistol was a cheap five-chambered revolver.

The burglar didn't say a word during the adventure, and Yubrod says that he couldn't identify him because he didn't see his face. It is suspected that the burglar was a deaf-mute.

The wound he gave Yubrod is slight. Yubrod is at a loss to account for the burglar's visit, as there wasn't anything in the tenement of sufficient value to pay a burglar for his risk.

The Power of Prayer.

The *New York Observer* of the 13th inst., contains under its head of "The Daily Prayer Meeting," the following paragraph relating to a lady, who is deaf:—

"At the close of the meeting, one day, a lady entered bearing a request for prayer. She was too late to ensure its presentation to the meeting that day, but the throne of mercy is always accessible. When something was said in reply to the lady, it was noticed that she did not hear. She at once wrote on a piece of paper, these words: 'I brought a request for prayer; I am deaf; I have been prayed for here several times.' But while deaf to the voice of man, she has learned the voice of God, and believed the gracious promises of his word. She has seen them with her eyes. They had come to her as the living voice of God They were the Father's call to his child, and she in a spirit of trust was seeking the mercy-seat."

Would that there were more among our deaf population in this city and throughout the world, who would hear the voice.

A correspondent of the Philadephia *Press* writes:

"The queerest set of base ball cranks in Louisville is a party of deaf-mutes, twelve or fifteen in number, who are to be found constantly at the headquarters of the Louisville club. They are remarkably close observers of a game and are perfectly familiar with the records of every player in the country. They sit together in the grandstand, displaying as much enthusiasm as anyone. They are vigorous kickers and never let an umpire escape, although that individual is never conscious of provoking their wrath. Whenever a bad play or a questionable decision is made a look of the most intense disgust comes over their faces, and they talk the matter over on their fightning fingers, generally winding up by shaking their fists at the offender and scowling in the most savage way. Like other ball cranks they always have on explanation of how every game is lost by the home club, never giving the opposing nine any credit for superior playing but attributing the result to some particular incident in the game. When Dundon, the deaf-mute, pitched in this city, he was a lion among them and was shown every attention. When the Louisville sized him up the next day and pounded him all over the field, they took him in tow and made a round of all the sporting resorts, explaining that he was suffering from a sore arm? They also take much interest in billiards and pool, and most are expert players. They are all printers, and being bright, intelligent fellows, are very popular with sporting men."

Born.

On Wednesday morning, January 12th, 1887, the home of the Editor of the JOURNAL was made joyous by the advent of a little daughter. Mother and child are doing excellently and demonstrating the possession of that greatest of blessings, good health. If the child inherits Mrs. Hodgson's gentle and loving disposition, the father's cup of joy will overflow with gladness. The readers of the JOURNAL will excuse this display of sentiment, but the writer is happy and does not care who knows it.

"Two little feet so small that both may nestle
In one caressing hand,
Two tender feet upon the untried border
Of life's mysterious land.

"Dimpled and soft, and pink as peach tree blossoms
In April's fragrant days,
How can they walk among the briery tangles
Edging the world's rough ways.

"These white rose feet along the doubtful future
Must bear a woman's load;
Alas! since woman has the heaviest burden
And walks the hardest road.

"Love for awhile will make the path before them
All dainty, smooth and fair—
Will coil away the brambles, letting only
The roses blossom there.

"But when the mother's watchful eyes are shrouded
Away from sight of men,
And these dear feet are left without her guiding
Who shall direct them then?

"Will they go stumbling blindly in the darkness
Of sorrow's tearful shades?
Or find the upland slopes of peace and beauty
Whose sunlight never fades?

"Will they go toiling up ambition's summit,
The common world above,
Or, in some nameless vale, securely sheltered,
Walk side by side with love?

"Some feet there be which walk life's track unwounded,
Which find but pleasant ways;
Some hearts there be to which this life is only
A round of happy days;

"But they are few. Far more they are who wander
Without a hope or friend;
Who find their journey full of hopes and losses,
And long to reach the end.

"How shall it be with her, the tender stranger,
Fair faced and gentle eyed,
Before whose unstained feet the world's rude highway
Stretches so strange and wide?

"Ah! who may read the future? For our darling
We crave all blessings sweet,
And pray that he who feeds the crying ravens
Will guide the baby's feet."

—*Florence Percy.*

Mrs. Malachi Fish.

Death is no respecter of persons. With his unerring shaft he lays low the rich and the poor, the high and the low, the bride of a year or the old man whose tottering footsteps have long been hovering near the brink of eternity. It is with unfeigned sadness that the *Recorder* is compelled this morning to announce the death of Mrs. Mary E. Fish, cherished wife of Mr. Malachi Fish, formerly of this city but of late residing at No. 513 State Street, Chicago. Her death occurred Monday evening about six o'clock. For the past year the deceased had been a great sufferer from a cancer and had several operations performed. Some two months ago the disease assumed a more dangerous type and after lingering in great agony until the time above mentioned, she quietly yielded up her life, aged thirty-four years. Mrs. Fish was a faithful member of the Baptist church, lived a consistent christain life and died a glorious death. She will be remembered by many as Miss Mary E. Johnson, and was a sister of Mrs. Amaziah Sherman, of the town of La Prairie. For a number of years she was a teacher of the deaf and dumb. The husband and other relatives have the sympathy of many friends.

The remains will arrive in the city to-day at 1.15 P.M., and be taken to the home of Mrs. Sarah Fish, No. 37 Chatham street, First Ward, where the funeral services will be held this afternoon at two o'clock, Rev. Dr. Hodge, of the Baptist church, officiating.—*Janesville, Wis., Recorder, Jan. 5.*

[Miss Mary E. Johnson was once a teacher in the Illinois Institution, and was a sister of Mr. Alphonso Johnson of the Malone, N. Y., Institution.—ED. JOURNAL.]

Gallaudet Centennial Memorial Fund.

TREASURER'S BULLETIN, No. 45.

KENDALL GREEN, Washington, D. C., Jan. 14, 1887.

(Received through Chas. O. Dantzer, Indianapolis, Ind.),

From		
Wm. Heugerer,	Buffalo,	$1 00
H. M. Harrison,	"	30
W. G. L. Coulter,	"	25
Isaac Kraker,	Brooklyn,	50
J. Tobias,	New York,	50
T. B. Spooner,	"	55
Emil Held,	"	50
J. L. Stevens,	"	50
Cash,	"	25
J. Doherty,	Ni'g'ra Falls, Ont.,	50
F. B. Ellis,	Boston, Mass,	1 00
Cash,	Chicago, Ill.,	50
Cash,	Indianapolis,	25
Wm. Schmidt,	"	25
Mike Bauer,	"	25
L. M. Elliott,	"	25
Joseph Farrell,	"	25
Earnest P. Lee,	"	25
E. J. Schubert,	"	50
		8 35

(Through J. J. Murphy, Delavan, Wisconsin),

From		
Winnie Pellett,	Koshkonong,	50
Lillie Cowham,	Clemensville	1 00
Cash,		05
		1 55

(Through D. W. George, Jacksonville, Ill.).

From	
Georgia Elliott,	1 00
Dr. P. G. Gillett,	10 00
Nellie Patten,	5 00
Ernest O. Towne,	1 00
G. W. Towne,	1 00
Mrs. Agnes Griffith,	1 00
Charles Gillett,	50
Anna Morse,	1 00
Cash,	1 00
Charles Seaton,	15
Louis Offerle,	1 00
Belle Offerle,	1 00
W. D. Coffman,	1 00
Angie Fuller,	2 00
Herbert A. Hathaway,	50
Clara Cully,	1 00
Minnie Neeb,	1 00
Fannie Filson,	50
Mary Martin,	75
John C. Autridge,	5 00
Charles A. Webb,	1 00
James Graham,	50
Sarah E. Rampley,	1 00
Willie Zollinger,	25
Jennie Butler,	15
Alice Chenoweth,	1 00
Herberth Stearns,	25
Richard Taylor,	1 00
Mrs. Minerva Townsend,	1 00
William Whittlesey,	1 00
Thomas Hanline,	50
Michael Quinlan,	1 00
Emma Schlock,	5 00
Wm. G. McIntosh,	1 50
Christine Camenisch,	1 00
Minnie Edwards,	25
Ludwitz Marwedel,	1 00
Zura Fuller,	2 00
Mrs. Miranda Snook,	3 00

(Collected by A. Bjorkquest.)

A. Bjorkquest,	50
Ed. Spink,	50
Mrs. McHenry,	10
H. Risher,	05
Mrs. L. Cree,	10
Mrs. Runbeck,	10
	1 35
Warren S. Mumma,	1 00
John Malloy,	2 00
Miles Lecroy,	10
Howard Handley,	1 00
James Burns,	1 00
Frank Sawyer,	1 00
Bobbie Erd,	2 00
Adolph Olson,	1 50
Charles F. Wolf,	2 00

(Collected by Mr. P. J. Hasenstab, assisted by Mr. F. Offerle and Mr. Chas. Seaton.)

Arthur Maxwell,	15
Oscar Breaton,	25
Charles Meyer,	10
Harry Brimble,	15
John Neilson,	05
Fred Hartung,	05
Charles Allard,	25
John Hutsel,	15
Henry Wagner,	25
Clarence Murdy,	20
Albin Molohon,	25
Austin Baird,	15
William Bornstein,	25
Willie Lamotte,	15
Hermann Schlegel,	10
Benjamin Lowe,	05
Charles Wess,	05
Joseph Edward,	10
David Wolf,	05
Frank Sahlberg,	25
Frank Barber,	25
Thomas Lyons,	50
George Hageman,	10
Freeman Spears,	05
Charles Hussey,	1 00
William Shaw,	05
Lyman Taylor,	50
Mask Knighthart,	1 00
George Adleman,	10
John Adleman,	10
Willie Boylan,	10
Harry Lathrop,	50
Harry Cook,	10
Harry Evanson,	25
James Woodrow,	15
George Breysacher,	10
Fred. Schmidt,	50
Earl Harmon,	15
Ernest W. Hall,	1 00
Axel Jacobson,	10
Willie Krapp,	05
Michael Quinlan,	10
William Nelson,	10
William Zook,	05
Edward Cullen,	05
Robert Middleton,	10
Edward Martin,	10
Freddie Schultz,	10
Curtis Delano,	25
Joseph Hope,	1 00
James Murphy,	05
Charles Nickell,	25
John Neilson,	10
Samuel McKean,	05
Emory Ford,	05
George Rosden,	15
Carl Boedecker,	10
Emory Ford,	05
Newton Keeler,	15
Michael Przybylinski,	10
Charles E. Sibley,	1 00
Henry Dippolt,	50
	14 05

(Collected by Mr. Hasenstab assisted by Miss Georgie Elliott and Miss Mary Armstrong.)

Jane McFarland,	1 00
Olive Eaton,	50
Carrie Copeland,	15
Emma Mitchell,	1 00
Lizzie Ferguson,	25
Ellen Lambert,	50
Clara Woolsey,	1 00
Nora Lynch,	25
Emma DePue,	50
Julia McDowell,	1 00
Cora Martin,	1 00
Lizzie Becker,	1 00
Josie Nichols,	50
Emma Hemphill,	1 00
Hattie Vencill,	1 00
Stella Dunlap,	1 00
Lillie Falter,	1 00
Eliza Gabler,	10
Carrie Jean,	25
Jessie Scott,	25
Nellie Mullins,	25
Agnes Coleman,	05
Barbara Dippolt,	50
Tillie Koehn,	2 00
Jane Cleary,	25
Olive Eaton,	10
Eva Ore,	25
Rebecca Coats,	50
Doria Grubb,	05
Emma Jessen,	50
Cora Jacoba,	25
	17 95
Master Jamie George,	25
William John Gilpir,	1 00
Alza Skidmore,	25
Paul Schwandt,	1 00
Charles Wess,	1 00
Willie Dalton,	50
Mary Py,	1 00
Herman Helberg,	1 00
Mrs. Mary Bindeman,	25
Willie Hart,	10
Rose Clark,	25
Emily Templeton,	1 00
Bertha Ahrens,	5 00
Nicholas Heitz,	1 00
Annie Dunn,	2 00
Mary Davidson,	50
Thomas Kenna,	1 00
Peter Bruegger,	1 00
Bessie Pottinger,	2 00
Gussie Rodenberger,	1 00
Rudolph Redlich,	1 00
Arthur Rink,	2 00
Willie Caillouette,	2 00
Mamie E. Peek,	10 00
Frankie Gaiser,	2 00
Annas Hathaway,	5 00
Prof. J. A. Kennedy,	5 00
Luella Baird,	25
A teacher,	2 00
Mary Henderson,	50
Fannie Henderson,	50
Walter Grady,	50
Luella Williams,	1 00
George Kugelmann,	50
Eugene Dilg,	50
Total,	156 60
Florence H. Jones, West Suffield, Conn.,	1 00
S. W. McClelland, Mountain View, New Jersey,	2 50

(Through W. S. Johnson, of Alabama.)

Osce Roberts, Birmingham,	2 00
Sallie Wakefield, Weavers,	30
Total,	2 30
Total new receipts,	172 30
Amount already reported,	64 47
Total in treasurer's hands,	236 77
Other cash already reported,	4,476 76
Total Cash,	$4,713 53

AMOS G. DRAPER,
Treasurer.

A CARD OF THANKS.

The inmates of the Gallaudet Home and Mr. Schutt tender their sincere thanks to Charles S. Newell and his wife, Henry J. Haight and his wife, James Lewis and his wife, William A. FitzGerald and his wife, Hattie R. Bailey, Philip Tobin, John Carlin and his wife, Mrs. Sip, Mr. Juhring and his wife, Katie Blauvelt, Moritz Schoenfield and his wife, and their friends, James M. Witbeck, Merritt Ostrander and his wife, and others, who sent kind donations and Christmas presents to the Home. Mr. Schutt respectfully requests his friends to contribute clothing, bedding and other articles to the Home, for the comfort of the inmates. The articles will be gratefully received. The address is Gallaudet Home, New Hamburgh, N. Y. (Adams' Express.)

St. Francis De Sales Deaf-Mutes Catholic Mission.

The feast of our great Patron Saint, St. Francis de Sales, is at hand. By special permission of the Most Rev. Archbishop, the Celebration will take place on Sunday, Jan 30th, in the Cathedral Chapel at 9:30 A. M. On the occasion, the sermon will show the Life of the Saint and why he is honored as the Patron Saint of the Deaf and Dumb. Your friends are welcome. In the afternoon, at 3:00 P.M. Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament in the Mission Chapel. All members of the C. D. M. A. should come and wear badges.

Sincerely yours in J. C.,
REV. E. V. LEBRETON,
Director.

A CORRECTION.

GUILFORD, N. Y., Jan. 17, 1887.

Will you kindly correct the statement in the last issue of the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, taken from the *Binghamton Republican*, that my "entire time is devoted to them (deaf-mutes,) conducting services, arranged especially for them in all the cities throughout this section." The truth is that, however much I might like to devote more time to the deaf, my duties' as a parish priest preclude the possibility of my being able to do more than hold a monthly service for the mutes of Syracuse, and very occasionally services in the larger towns of this diocese. It is due to the deaf-mutes of Central, N. Y., and also to my own parish, that this correction should be made.

Sincerely yours,
THOMAS B. BERRY.
Rector of Christ Chruch.

Death of Miss Sarah A. Whippen.

The deaf-mutes of New England and elsewhere will doubtless be pained at the intelligence of the sudden death of Miss Sarah A. Whippen, of Marblehead, Mass., from that dread disease pneumonia. She was semi-mute and intelligent. She was well known among the deaf and hearing people for her many deeds of kindness, and her loss is deeply felt in Marblehead.

Miss Whippen was the eldest daughter of Capt. Samuel Whippen, a veteran of the War of 1812, whose death, at the advanced age of 90, occurred two months previous.

It was Miss Whippen's intention to pay a surprise visit to her old friend Mrs. Wm. M. Chamberlain, of the Rome, N. Y., Institution.

L.

COLLEGE CHRONICLE.

Prof. Draper's Lecture.

ODDS AND ENDS OF NEWS

Gathered Here and There.

(From our Washington Correspondent.)

The last few days have been so mild, the skies have been so cloudless, and the sunshine so bright that no one could help feeling that Spring is almost here. Perhaps it is a little premature to talk of spring in the middle of January, for

"'Tis not one blossom makes a spring,
Nor yet one swallow makes a summer."

yet when we think how beautiful all nature becomes in the spring-time, we may be forgiven for hailing with delight every evidence that the long dreary winter is almost over.

Probably the first thing in Washington that would attract the attention of a superficial observer is the mud, and he would find that it possesses a strong attraction for his wearing apparel also. Seventh Street just below the railroad crossing glories in that depth of mud, which is its main characteristics at the time of the year. There is hardly a frequented street anywhere in the city, which is in a worse condition, and this street would be attended to, if the Commissioners of the District were not too much engaged in the work of beautifying the northwestern portion of the city to care much for the condition of the remaining portions

On Friday evening, Prof. Draper delivered the second of the faculty course of lectures, his subject being "Ovid." He gave a very interesting sketch of the life and times of the old Latin, poet to whom modern literature owes so much. The Professor said that of all the Latin poets Ovid had been the most read and imitated, and in his poems, Chaucer, Shakespeare and Milton, had found much material for their pens. Ovid excelled all the writers of the Augustinan age in his powers of imagination, and while his writings do not display any great depth of thought, they possess an unequalled delicacy of fancy. His *Tristia* which were written *A. D. 7.*, when he had been exiled from Rome to Tornis, near the mouths of the Danube, are especially beautiful and pathetic. The poet says:

"Four times happy is he, and times without number is happy
Who the city of Rome, unmterdicted, enjoys.
* * * * * *
Woe is me! Is the house of Ovid in Scythean lands now?
And doth punishment give me this place for a home?
Grant, ye gods, that Cæsar make this not my house and my home-tead,
But decree it to be only the run of my pain."

Ovid's greatest work was his "Metamorphases," which contains a collection of some of the most beautiful tales of Roman and Grecian mythology. The professor related the stories of Pyramus and Thisbe, of Dædalus and Icarus, of the Choice of Midas, and combat of Archlæos and Hercules. The lecture was a very interesting one and was listened to very attentively and heartily applauded at its close.

For the purpose of affording the students additional exercise in English composition, and securing a more equal division of the labor of criticizing and correcting the productions, the faculty has decided upon a new arrangement in regard to the essays, which the students are required to present. Hitherto the whole labor of reading these compositions, has fallen upon the *Assistant Professor* of English, but by the new arrangement the Seniors and Juniors will be required to present their essays to the President, the Sophomores and Ducks to Prof Hotchkiss, and the Freshmen to Prof. Gordon. Under the arrangement exercises in composition can be made much more frequent, and the productions can be subjected to a much more careful criticism. The students will do well, if they take advantage of this opportunity, for the ability to use English fluently and correctly, is an accomplishment of untold value and satisfaction to the possessor, and to acquire it, no labor is too great. It may give a few of our readers some satisfaction to reflect that ten years from now it will matter little, if they have forgotten absolutely everything they ever knew of Latin, History, Mathematics and Science, but the ability to express themselves in good English will once for all decide the status which they are hold in refined society.

The fine residence of Prof. A. G. Bell, at Scott Circle, was badly damaged by fire on last Monday night. The fire originated in the Professor's laboratory in the attic story, and spread rapidly to the other part of the building. Prof. Bell was in New York City at the time, and Mrs. Bell and her children, who were, with the exception of the servants, alone in the house, had a very narrow escape, being aroused just in time to avoid being suffocated by the smoke. The fire department succeeded in extinguishing the flames before the fire could gain much headway. The damage done to the building, including the value of the costly scientific apparatus in the laboratory and a fine library of scientific works, which were destroyed, is estimated at some sixty thousand dollars.

Owing to the elevated situation of the college, there is not sufficient pressure to raise the water from the city mains to the second floor of the building. a very serious situation in the event of a fire in one of the upper stories.

The college authorities have tried to provide means to nip incipient conflagrations in the bud, and to this end the halls were last year furnished with a supply of the Hayward hand grenade, which were represented as being capable of smothering flames by the evolution of a very heavy and incombustible gas. But various rumors having got afloat in the papers to the effect that these grenades contain nothing except ordinary water and sufficient salt to prevent the liquid from freezing, the janitor was last week furnished with a supply of a new appliance which it is hoped will furnish some security from the "devouring elements." The instrument consists of a large syringe, about twelve inches long, containing about a quart of liquid which can be thrown a distance of twenty-five feet upon the fire. The heat of the fire turns the liquid into a gas which extinguishes the flames.

Cleary, '87, has been unanimously elected gymnasium Captain. The platoon captains elected by the various classes are Gross, '88, Hemstreet, '89, Bush, '90, and Bendell, '91. James will lead the club swinging class.

Prof. Charles Ely, Principal of the Maryland School, visited the College, on Thursday.

Gross, '88, is usher of the Kendall School for this term.

Messrs. Buxton, of Maryland, and Crosby, of Iowa, both students in the Kendall School, returned home, on account of poor health, the former on Friday, and the latter to day (Monday).

The Young Men's Christian Association gymnasium in the city is to give an exhibition next Wednesday. Adams, '86, is on the programme to give an exhibition of his skill inclu b swinging.

Among the visitors to the College during the past week were Mrs. A. C. Holt, of Wilmington, N. C, and Mrs. Keilt, of Brooklyn.

Prof. Porter preached the afternoon sermon yesterday, his subject being "The Kingdom of Heaven."

VAN.

January 17, 1887.

MICHIGAN MUTE NEWS

THE WEEK'S SOCIAL DOINGS.

As I see no mention made in your excellent paper of the Michigan deaf-mutes. I herewith send something about them To say that I am well pleased with your JOURNAL, hardly does it credit. I hail its appearance with delight. It is what printers call a clean sheet, and should receive the cordial support of all connected with the mutes of Michigan. Knowing you, and the deep interest you take in the welfare of the mutes, who have to stand the "brunt of the battle," I predict a brilliant future for your JOURNAL.

The toboggan slide is increasing daily in popularity in Michigan.

Many mutes asked us: "Shall we have a reunion next summer or not?

Michigan is going to have a home for aged mutes, like the Gallaudet Home.

Lizzim Ronlo, the deaf-mute dude of Detroit, has returned to his sweet chestnut bell.

Hark! The mutes can hear Geo. H. Martin's chestnut bell He is still in Detroit as a sporting man.

Miss Effie Hitchcock, of Flint, has returned from her eastern visit, upon which she was absent four months.

M. A Kerr, formerly of Jackson, but now of St. Louis, Mo., will go to Detroit to spend a couple of weeks or months with his family.

Geo. Holland, the well-known traveling agent, and Miss Simons, were married in Orleans last fall. They live in Jonesville with George's parents.

An Owosso paper last week said that Miss Eliza Morehouse, of Burton, was "not a candidate to hurt." Well, they did not hurt her much, did they?

C. R Barnett, of Lansing, the happy and philosophical correspondent of the Michigan *Deaf-Mute Mirror*, is saying, "How do?" to friends and acquaintances in Ionia.

Henry Germer, of Flint, ran away from home last fall. It is supposed that he is in Ludington, where he has a brother who is an engineer on the railroad.

John Deatsman, of Sebewa, *alias* Mohawk, is thinking of calling on Miss Rose Moyer, in Grand Ledge. Hope he will have a pleasant time.

A group of mutes of Detroit are going to see John Stout, a noted mute bicycle actor, at the Detroit Casino roller rink, this week. He will exhibit from January 17th to January 22d.

Charles A. Gumaer, of Grand Rapids, the handsome compositor on the *Telegram Herald*, has been to Flint to see his friends; has returned, and will be married soon to Miss Maggie Kennedy, of Mt. Morris We wish him much happiness. Pass around the cake, Mr. Gumaer.

I am going to stay home most of the time Don't expect to go to Flint this winter. Sleighing is good now, and I have a ride out in the fresh air every day, and am in good health.

The JOURNAL is admired by all the Michigan mutes, and we hope it will have a million subscribers soon. More anon.

CONEJOS.

☞ Subscribe for the DEAF MUTES' JOURNAL.

W YORK.

Entertainment to Come.

"SNOOKS" AND "TIGG'S" GOSSIP.

(*From our New York Correspondent.*)

With this issue, the last of the entertainments in the ball line in this city will have been over, and from the remarks of the committee who have arrangements in charge and the members individually, we predict the affair will be in keeping with the former successes of the Union, under whose auspices it is to be given.

After this, attention will be called to the Reception to be given by the St. Joseph Union, of Brooklyn, and from present reports, and the inducement that the hall is so easy of access, there is every reason to believe the event will be attended by a large gathering from both cities.

Previous to this last affair, attention is directed to the New England Tea Party, which takes place under the auspices of the Guild of Silent Worker's on February 1st, in the Sunday School room of St. Ann's Church. Here all kinds of tea—from the best Oolong to the weakest Green and Black will be dispensed, with edibles that cannot but tempt the most fastidious appetite, by a bevy of prettier Misses, and those who have the matter in charge, a very pleasant evening is guaranteed. It should be the duty of every one to attend, as the object for which the Party is given is to raise funds that go to help those of our unfortunate brethren who are in need. It is said one of the committees has recently received from the wilds of Africa, a rare specimen of a living Ourangoutang, which will be exhibited in a cage behind a screen on the same evening, and for which an additional five cents will be charged those wishing to see his "Highness"—several new games will also be in order, and with such an entertainment for the small sum of twenty-five cents, a large attendance ought to be secured.

Mr. Frank B. Thompson's lecture on the 27th inst., promises to be interesting, and as the lecturer himself always presents an interesting subject, those who attended may look forward to a rare treat.

By the way, may we take the liberty to remind "Yours as Ever," that besides the gentlemen named, Messrs. Wm A. Bond and Chester Q. Mann are entitled to every respects in being known as first-class lecturers, and when chosen to discuss a subject before any of our societies always prove a drawing card.

Tobbogganing, which, a year ago, was comparatively unknown in the metropolis, has been in full blast for the past month at the Polo Grounds. The number that own toboggans, and the large gathering daily taking part in the sport, gives evidence of it be coming one of our most popular outdoor winter amusements. About a dozen mutes have tested the "slide," in this city and Brooklyn.

The East-Side Fishing Club, through the summer, makes frequent trips to the classic waters of Prince's Bay, much to the terror of the finny tribe who make their abode there. Through the winter, they have comparatively little to do, after looking to the wants of their "rods and tackle." This year, an off-shoot in the matter of giving a ball, which came off on the 12th inst., attested the club's prosperity, and Captain Kircher and wife, as also Jimmy Lonergan and lady, who are the only mute members, were present, and with the members to the number of some 200, forgot for the moment all about porgies, eels, bull-heads, and every other variety of fish, in attending to the wants of their fair partners. Captain Kircher is said to have in mind the organizing of a deaf-mute fishing club the coming summer, and should he succeed, the yarns of the "Ancient Mariner" will be at a discount.

Our Western cities seem to have no end of correspondents, so might it not be to their credit to wake up their readers to the matter of contributing something to the Gallaudet Memorial Fund. The East seems to be doing all the work in this direction.

The Gallaudet Club, so says "Snooks," held their first business meeting last Saturday evening, and the manner in which the business was transacted would impress one that there was an unusual quantity of life in the members.

Mr. and Mrs. Pospesil, from Connecticut, were in the city a few days last week. Their little daughter accompanied them, and is a smart little miss for her age. Owing to the illness of Father Freeman, Rev. Father Becker, of St. John's College, who is quite an adept in sign-making, conducted the meeting at St. Francis Xavier's, Sunday last, and was very favorably spoken of by those who saw him.

The service in St. Ann's was attended by a large gathering, Rev. Mr. Colt preaching. Misses Decker, Williams and Hawkins, took advantage of the clear weather by making their appearance before the sermon was over.

The brother of Fred Peak was buried a week ago, and his loss is much felt by Fred and his relatives.

Artist Tresch's father has been confined to his bed for the past few days, suffering from an affliction of the heart.

Dr. Gallaudet, who has lately been suffering greatly from rheumatism, is now said to be much improved.

It is said Henry George's paper, the *Standard*, employs a mute, who we are inclined to believe is none other than Pat. J Campbell. He has ability enough to hold his case, being among our best "comps" this way.

We extend our congratulations to ye highly respected editor, and trust fatherly duties will not interfere with the success of the JOURNAL. Our congratulations arise from the fact that Editor Hodgson was the recipient of a bouncing little girl last week, and may she live long to soothe her father in his editorial cares.

MONTAGUE TIGG.

Philadelphia Letter.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—Perhaps, the most significant thing of the new year, among deaf-mutes here, is a general manifestation of a fresh interest for parties. Five years ago, scarcely a month of the winter and spring seasons passed without a pleasant evening having been spent by a large social gathering, and not infrequently twice a month. It was a time when society appeared to have reached the acme of pleasure with us. But it was of short duration. A decline came; and, as time rolled by, the passion for parties gradually grew less, and continued so until at last we had won quite a reputation for unique silence. The married will say it was done by some patent influence; but the bachelors are inclined to think differently, and put the blame on matrimony. Be it as it may, we are glad to note the change that has been promised, and trust that great benefits and pleasures may be derived from it.

The Clerc Literary Association is to be credited with what may in time turn out to be very a praiseworthy action, it having substantially decided to hold social meetings within stated periods, at the homes of members or friends, and to be managed by committees from the association.

The first meeting of this kind took place at the home of Mrs Vancourt, 1119 Ogden Street, on New Year's Eve.

It was altogether a very pleasing affair. The inclement weather did not prevent a good attendance, but everything in anticipation was had. Thanks to the hostess and committee!

Time was passed in social intercourse and amusing games At half-past ten refreshments were served, after which the merrymaking was resumed. The party wound up with the following pleasing incident.

The time, it must be remembered, was New Year's Eve; but few had thought of it, when only a minute was wanting to finish old 1886 Chairman Houston, however, happened to have his eyes directed to the clock, and, perceiving that but a few moments were allotted to the old year, immediately called attention to that fact in a brief speech. When he had finished both hands of the clock stood perpendicular. At this moment, Miss Susie McKinney stepped forward within sight of all, and with the air and composure of an actress, first bowed, then held a paper bag to her mouth, which she quickly filled with air to the fullest extent, and then holding both arms out at full length, she effected a collision, *pop-boom!* and thus '86 was declared off. The whole act occupied about a minute, and though seemingly trifling, it was admired by all who had witnessed it. The party then broke up

Much praise is due to Messrs. Houston, Roop and Harrison, who composed the Clerc Literary Association Committee, for the able manner in which they performed their duty and the kind services of Mrs. Vancourt, her speaking son Joseph, and his charming wife, shall always be remembered by us.

Among the many who were present may be named Rev. Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Syle, Mr. Houston, Mr. and Mrs. Roop, Mr. and Mrs. Harrison, Mr. and Mrs. Higgins and their speaking son, Mr. Reider and Miss Glenn, Mr. Sharrar and Miss Cooley, Mr. Blankensee and Miss Shieck, Mr. Miles and Miss McKinney, Mr. Zell and Miss Korper, Mr. Campbell and Miss Egnor, Mr. Turner and Miss Gillett. Mr. Rosenbarum and Miss Post, Mr. Cox and Miss Weilding, Mr. Hahn and Miss Bayne, Mr. and Mrs Sands, Mr. and Mrs Sibitzky, Mr. Manning and Miss Dunlap, and some others.

Another very enjoyable social party was that held at the residence of Rev. Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Syle, last Saturday evening, 8th inst. It was tendered to the gentleman friends of Rev. Mr. Syle, by the ladies of his church, who, with Miss Tessie Glenn leading, managed it.

A happy time was spent in many ways, each one choosing his or her particular way of making and getting pleasure.

At half past ten, supper was served. It did great credit to the ladies, who prepared it, and completely surprised the young bachelors present. While at supper, many received the first intimation that Mrs. Syle's absence was accounted for by being indisposed, a fact which produced regret from all. A toast was offered to "Our Pastor and Friend," after which a lady spoke in feeling terms about Mrs. Syle's sickness and her consequent inability to join in the hilarity of the evening, and concluded by proposing her health. The proposition was graciously accepted, and a plate, filled with all the dainties on the table, together with a cup of coffee was served to Mrs. Syle.

After that, the members of the company were served, and they did ample justice to the inner man, to whom they were indebted for about one half of their pleasure, and depended upon for more.

Not long after supper, the party dispersed. It was a very successful event, and will long be remembered by those who had the pleasure of attending it.

Miss Tessie Glenn, Mrs. J. A. Roop and Misses Stevenson, Little and McKinney, are the ladies to whom the success of the party was largely due, and, no doubt, all will join us in congratulating them.

Of the many present were Mrs. Glenn, the mother Miss Tessie, Rev. Mr. Syle, Mr. Reider, Mr. and Mrs. Cullingworth, Mr. and Mrs. Harrison, Mr. and Mrs. Roop, Mr. Sharrar and Miss Cooley, Mr. Houston, Mr. Mc Mechen, of West Virginia, Mr. and Miss McKinney, Mr. and Mrs. Higgins and speaking son, Mrs. Stevenson and her speaking daughter, Misses Glenn, Little, Post, Korper, Fratt, Gillett, Parker, Greener, Levering, and Messrs. Bacharach, C. Campbell, Miles, Mrs. Van Court, her speaking son Joseph and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Leisersohn' and about fifty others "too numerous to mention."

Much success and prosperity to this paper.

Yours Respectfully,
MEMBER OF C. L. A.

Jan. 12, '87.

Buffalo N. Y.

The holidays passed as usual, nothing important could be learned of those who received presents from Santa Claus Every mute of this community made New Year calls, and every one exchanged greetings. Among those from outside of Buffalo were Mr. George Fisher, of Dunkirk, N. Y., and was received in grand style by "Arminius," who knows how to entertain his friends, when he has leisure time.

"Arminius" received an invitation from John M. Stout, to witness his bicycle exhibition, but could not accept on ground of the pressure of business, so he delegated Mr. C. W. Stowell in his place. The exhibition, which Mr. Stout gave, was under the auspices of the wheelmen of Lockport, N. Y. He received eighteen dollars for his performance of one night. Without doubt, there would be more realized if there were no performance at the Opera House. It is with regret that Mr. Stout could not come to Buffalo, as he intended to see "Arminius" before the bicyclist went to Detroit to give an exhibition the next day. Mr. Stout will sojourn in Michigan about one month, to give performances He has not been in Perth Amboy, N. J., since last June. His performances have been very successful in many respects, and the agent speaks highly of him.

It is with gratification we learn that Mr. Charles O. Dantzer, of this city, was appointed as a teacher in the Indiana Institution. "Arminius" sends him a car load of congratulations; and wishes him sincere success in his new field of labor.

The Davis combination were peddling the mute alphabet cards in our city, last month, and J M. T. Davis' alleged wife went into the shoe factory where the writer works. It was learned their intention was to move on towards New York. Look out for them. Byrnes was here, too, peddling pencils.

"Arminius" often thought of the man leaped from the Su-pension Bridge, on January, as that of Walter Lenoir Bingham. As he was with another person, the leap was made in the dark night, and the conductor tried to stop him, but was too late to catch and hold him. The paper did not give any particular description of the suicide. The writer thinks that Bingham thought the conductor was an officer to arrest him, so made the leap to end his miserable life. If the body of the man who jumped off the bridge can be found and indentified the writer will notify the JOURNAL at once. The following is clipped from the *Buffalo Evening News*, of January 14th:

WAS IT THE DEAF-MUTE?

SUSPENSION BRIDGE, Jan. 14.—Renewed interest has been given to the search for the last suicide's body here by the receipt of a letter from Mrs. Bingham, of Brooklyn. The writer expresses her belief that the man who jumped from the bridge, January 3d, was her son, Walter Lenoir Bingham, a deaf-mute. The mother wrote a description of the young man and mentions India ink marks on his arms as a means of identification. Accompanying the letter is a clipping from a newspaper giving an account of the "deaf mute murder mystery," in North Carolina, in which Miss Lizzie B. Turlington was shot and killed in a swamp ten miles from Raleigh, December 16th last, by some unknown person.

Mrs. Augusta Lotz, *nee* Hermsdorfer, who is still in Fort Wayne, Ind., is expected back by the 24th of this month.

Mr. Louis Reinboldt was seen lobbying in the New York Central Depot on the Monday after Christmas He was waiting for the train to take him to Tonawanda, N. Y.

The Society is now quartered in the free reading-room of St. John's Church.

The Executive Committee of the Gallaudet Home for Deaf-Mute Society offered J. B. Herman, of this place, the position of local Treasurer at Buffalo and vicinity, which he accepted with pleasure.

Mr. C. W. Stowell, of Bliss, N. Y., who is now sojourning in Perry, N. Y., had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Samuel C. Howe, who graduated from Fanwood about ten years ago. He is a gas-lighter by occupation, and get $25 a month. He lives in Castile, ten miles from Bliss, N. Y.

Farmer Aug Kowald was in Bliss, N. Y., recently.

ARMINIUS.

BUFFALO, N. Y., JAN. 16, '87.

BOSTON.

Sermon of the Rev. John Chamberlain.

AND GLEANINGS.

(*From our Boston Correspondent.*)

The Rev. John Chamberlain, of New York, on Sunday evening last, preached an excellent and interesting sermon to his deaf-mute friends at the St. Peter's Church, Cambridgeport. His chapters were from Psalms 85 and St. Luke II and, the subject was about the Birth of Our Saviour, and Christianity.

He said that four thousand years after the Creation, two thousand years after Abraham, and one thousand years after Solomon, Jesus Christ was born. He was the Saviour, whom God promised to Adam and Eve. He was descended from Abraham and from David. God promised Abraham and Jacob that their descendants should bless all the nations of the earth. The prophets often prophesied about Jesus. They foretold that he should be born at Bethlehem, a town in Judea, about six miles from Jerusalem.

God sent the angel Gabriel to tell the virgin Mary that she should be mother of Jesus. Jesus was really the son of God. No man was his father, but Joseph, the carpenter, was supposed to be his father, because he married Mary. Joseph and Mary were both obliged to go to Bethlehem Because the inn was full, they passed the night in a stable. Jesus was born in the stable, and they laid him in a manger. The same night, the shepherds, who were watching their flocks, saw a great light, and heard a multitude of angels singing and giving glory to God, because the Saviour was born. The angels sent the shepherds to Bethlehem, where they found the child Jesus lying in the manger, and worshipped him.

The minister said that the event of Our Saviour's birth (Christmas) should be celebrated by all Christians. Christianity was an ultimate point, begun and fixed by the Almighty. Christ came, filled with spiritual knowledge, to seek and to save those who were lost to moral truth and hope. He has presented the terms of pardon. If the prodigal will return, he shall be accepted. Repentance means thorough moral reformation; and of every sinner, this is required, even to the plucking out of a right eye, as no man can be saved in his sins. Nicodemus, one of the rulers of the Jews, came to Jesus in the night and said to him, "Master, we know that God has sent thee to teach us what is right, for no man could do the miracles that thou doest if God were not with him." Jesus answered to Nicodemus, and told him that unless he had a new heart, he could not be one of God's children. Mr. Chamberlain read to us, "Verily, verily, I say unto thee, except a man be born again, he cannot see the Kingdom of God. Ye must be born again."

He exhorted us to make this strict inquiry, "Am I born again?" This new birth would give new desires, new affections and new enjoyments, where old things passed away and all things became new? To follow Christ, we must be in the continual exercise of prayer. The neglect of prayer opens a chasm, which would soon be filled up with sin, and then we would follow Satan. We were kindly advised to contemplate Him (God), not only as our Creator and judge, but as our tender father and best friend, and also to consecrate your bodies as well as your souls to God. This consideration would preserve us from sin, and animate us to the practice of every work. Be neither bigoted nor indifferent in maintaining our religious opinions. Among those who enjoyed very much the sermon of the minister were Mr. and Mrs. Wise and family, Messrs Lorigan, Docharty, Hargrave, William Goldsmith, "Mayflower," and others.

Last Sunday, immediately after the service, Mr. Albert C. Hargrave had charge of the Bible Class, owing to the absence of Mrs Lynde, who went to the Communion.

Rev. Mr. Packard, of Salem, lectured before the Boston Society upon the subject of "Dancing," last Wednesday evening. He explained how dancing ruined many a good lady or gentleman. More intelligent and valuable thoughts that would take too much space here, were given by him. Many of us thought that there were two kinds of dancing, the one harmless, and the other injurious. Mr. Packard closed the discussion by saying that we should not go to the coming masked Ball and Levee, February 22d, in Boston.

Your humble correspondent admits that some of his points in favor of abolishing the practice of dancing were very good and strong.

Mrs. Isaac A. Blanchard, of East Somerville, has gone to Concord, N. H., to visit her folks, and will not return home till the first week of next month. She is going to renew her subscription to the JOURNAL soon

Circulars of the proposed masked Ball and Levee., which will take place at the Horticultural Hall, Boston, Feb 22, are to be issued this week. May our hope be encouraged to meet old friends and to make the acquaintance of the new faces.

A small company gathered at the residence of Mr. William Lynde, last Monday evening, to celebrate the anniversary of his birthday. A very pleasant time was enjoyed by all.

1-16-'87. MAYFLOWER.

INDIANA.

DEAR JOURNAL:—I felt my heart beat with admiration of Mr. W. A. Bond, after I read his article entitled "Deaf-Mutes as Lecturers." I can truthfully claim that when the mists clear away it will be seen that the mutes possess all the qualifications and grit to deliver lectures in signs, which will remind us of Demosthenes of Athens. When a mute takes the floor he should be made to feel himself at home, then just watch him.

It is an insult too shameful to narrate, to reduce the price of admittance merely because the lecturer is a mute. Now, suppose mutes were playing ball, and one should be informed that his outs didn't count. You would at once see that he has lost all interest in the game, and does not try to play. And why? Because you place no confidence in his ability as a player. I have sat in the chapel of the Institution and watched the hearing teachers pound on the Bible at intervals, walk the floor, and throw their arms out, and stamp like as if they were in swimming in their effort to enlighten the mutes in religion. I can truthfully say that such actions never made any impression on me. Instead of my mind being on religion at that time, I was wondering if the professor thought the floor was red hot and him barefooted. His actions certainly indicated to me that such was the case. Of course there are exceptions. I am under the impression that a person who is talking religion should not act funny, but his countenance should plainly show us that he is in earnest, and that if his majesty, who rules the kingdom below once gets us he will have no mercy on us. When Mr. Vail or August Jutt (mutes) lectured at the Institution, I was always wonderfully impressed with their narratives, and kept my eyes on them till they closed.

This is Saturday, and I just wish I had my copy of the JOURNAL. I think it really too bad that it always reaches me on Mondays, when I am busy. It once came on Saturday, and I read most every thing in it Sunday.

If some chap connected with the JOURNAL will slip my paper in one of these boxes along the streets earlier than usually, I will dance to his wedding, and when I get an old man, I'll mention him in my will to the extent of—well enough to buy his better half a Mother Hubbard dress, and a—ouche, what was I going to say. If he don't do it, I'll cheerfully leave him my nickle roller skates to break his neck with.

Danfors ought to have seen me laugh when I read the following item in his communication.

"Henry B. Allison says he will challenge Mike McMahon, the Omaha deaf-mute pugilist, to a fight for one thousand dollars, and establish his claim as the champion deaf-mute pugilist of the world."

There are many mutes in Indiana who deeply regret that they did not send Allison to Kansas with a blacked eye. He is the greatest boaster I ever knew. He wants to be champion deaf-mute pugilist of the world. Nonsense. He is the biggest coward I ever knew. He has lots of wind in him and will exhibit pluck till the eleventh hour, then he'll back out. I think Mike McMahon used to live in Fort Wayne. Allison will bet $1,000, but, Danfors, please ask Allison if he thinks he can lick Legan, if Legan only uses one hand. I know he can't. The streets, here are so slippery that it is difficult for a person to keep right side up. A man had a bottle of bad whisky in his pocket, and I saw him slip down and break the bottle. I laughed and he cussed me. If Patsey Bolivar has not a good word to say for the mutes of Saint Louis, he ought not to say any thing. For goodness sake hear him. He says they were cutting each others throats, are thieves and visit pool-rooms. Wonder what next. With the above exception, his letters are good.

HIAWATHA.

Wasn't It Fine.

Well, if we have gauged the sentiments expressed by many present, we should say it was very fine.

It was but five minutes after eight, last Wednesday evening, when President Juhring, of the Brooklyn Society mounted the rostrum, called the meeting to order, and after a few remarks, invited Prof. W. G Jones to the platform.

With a comic grin o'erspreading his handsome phiz, and with a shuffle which set all present laughing and brought forth thunders of applause, the professor came forward, mounted the rostrum with a nonchalance which said plainer than words could express, that he was an old hand at the business, brushed his bushy hair from his intellectual forehead (his habit), gave his nether gaiment a nautical hitch, as becomes an ancient tar who, in the famous "Evangeline," had crossed and re-crossed the mighty Hudson any number of times, and with the confident air of one who was master of his subject, immediately began his lecture—King Lear.

To say that the professor did full justice to his Shakspearian topic, would be "damning him with faint praise." Even the smart Alecks present, who are ever ready to criticise, were forced to admit that for once at least they had come to the wrong place, and that Mr. Jones in his delivery of "King Lear" had few equals and no superior among the mutes living in the vicinity. His signs were clear and easily understood, and at times his demeanor was tragical in the extreme, so much so that he held the strict attention of his auditors for two hours and a half, a compliment not generally paid to mute lecturers, whatever their subject may be.

The audience was a representative one, there being present members of the Guild of Silent Workers, the Catholic Literary and Benevolent Union, the Gallaudet Club, the St. Joseph's Union, the German Club and the Gallaudet Home Society, among them being Mr. and Mrs. George Witschief, Mr. and Mrs. John P. Ijams, Mrs. Belle Lockwood, Mr. and Mrs. Schindler, Mr. and Mrs. P. Kearth, Mr. and Mrs. Alex. Dezendorf, Mrs. Emily Keilt, Mr. and Mrs. Juhring, Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Swaitz, Mr. and Mrs. I. Lyng, Mr. and Mrs. H. Hoevel, Misses Lungwitz, and Striener, and Messrs. Reynolds, Soper, Thomas, Tobin, Bond, Wilkinson, W. J. Reilly, James O Neil, Cant, Holland, F. B. Thompson, Patterson, McConville, Stengele, D. J. Sullivan, the artist, Godfrey, Fitzgerald, Barnes, S. B. Smith, Leonard, the three Hannemann brothers, Vetterlein, Partington, S. E. Warner, Lounsbury, Ryer, Rudolph, Henrici, Stratton, D. Minihan, Wolman, and others.

STRAY SHOTS.

In the above we have frequently used the word *lecture*, but it was so done simply out of courtesy, and because hitherto it has been the custom to mention readings given before mute societies as *lectures*. In reality Mr. Jones did not lecture, but gave a reading from Shakspeare, which he had committed to memory—and he did it exceeding well. "Yum Yum" says this in no spirit of "ghoulish glee," that she should differ from Mr. W. A Bond who in the JOURNAL a few weeks ago, substantially said that there were a number of mutes in this vicinity who could deliver a good *lecture*, some of whom he mentioned as having done so, but of all those named, we do not think there is more then one who ever delivered a *lecture*; this we say without the least disparagement of any body's ability. We do not think that either Tom, Dick, or Harry, who having read some love story, or one of the blood and thunder variety, repeats it as near as possible before a mute society, has delivered alecture. Not by a great way. Mr. Bond also says that oral and mute lecturers should receive the same compensation for their labor; of course, but how many mutes ever lecture? It is our humble opinion that a man's labor should be paid for according to his ability to perform it, and not because he is or is not deaf. We want no charity, simply because we are mute. Nine times out of ten it will be found that oral gentlemen really deliver lectures when they accept invitations from mute societies to do so, whereas mutes do not. Let us see, Dr. E. M. Gallaudet delivered a lecture on "International Law" before the Manhattan Literary Association, and Dr. Isaac Lewis Peet delivered one on "Reading" before a New York Mute Society, and another on "Country Life" before the Brooklyn Society. Rev. Dr. Gallaudet's "Trip to Europe" was a lecture; Prof. E H. Currier's "Eminent Instructors of the Deaf" was another, while Prof. Fox, Mr. Hodgson and Mr. Allabough, are the only mutes of this vicinity, we can remember who have really delivered *lectures*.

In the face of such evidence, are we to understand that mutes who repeat before societies, what they have read—call it lecturing if you will—should receive the same compensation as oral and mute gentlemen who, before the same societies, really deliver lectures? If so, it must be because the first-mentioned individuals are deaf; no other reason for it can be conceived. To be sure, "readings" by mutes before societies of our class, are often entertaining and amusing—there is no doubt of that—but why call them lectures, and the readers *lecturers*. Better style them "yeasty quacks," it is nearer the truth.

Brooklynites should remember that the Guild of Silent Workers holds its next "New England Party" on the evening of February 1st. As the entertainments held under auspices of this society are generally of an enjoyable character, and as the proceeds are used for charitable purposes, mutes of this city and also of New York should endeavor to attend and bring their speaking friends with them.

We have some doubts whether Prof. Jones will feel complimented at the remarks of a lady who, when asked if she liked his Shakspearian reading said, "Very much, it was so comic,"

The seating arrangement at the Brooklyn Society's room should be improved upon, so that gentlemen in the rear, in their endeavor to see, would not be obliged to sit upon the backs of seats or to stand. This state of things was increased by the ladies who occupied the first two or three seats, and whose tall hats almost completely obstructed the view of those sitting behind them.

A new innovation has been introduced to mutedom by the Brooklyn Society, which we commend to the attention of other societies. It is the advertisement of its lectures (readings.)

YUM YUM.

Jan. 17, 1887.

Stricken Dumb by a Whistle.

Joe Demines a small colored boy of Jeffersonville, Ky., went down to the levee, where the steamer Minnie Bay was unloading some freight. Just as the boat pulled out she blew her whistle. Immediately afterward the boy lost his power of speech, and has since only been able to make himself understood by signs. He is about fifteen years of age, and and is a very intelligent boy. He has not been ill since the unfortunate accident, and suffers no inconvenience by the loss of his voice. Whether the affliction was caused by the blowing of the whistle is a matter of doubt, but it is certain that the boy cannot talk and insists that the blowing of the whistle did it.—*Michigan Mirror.*

FANWOOD.

February's Dramatic Entertainment.

A GENEROUS DONATION.

(*From our Fanwood Correspondent*)

In lieu of the Masquerade Party, which it has been customary to have at the Institution on the evening of Washington's birthday, this year we are to have a dramatic entertainment under the auspices of the Fanwood Literary Association. The object is to assist the Gallaudet Memorial Fund of the Empire State Association of Deaf-Mutes, which is now near its limit of $1,500. Upon the occasion, the management will present a revised form of "Les deux Fugitifs," familiarly known as "Robert Macaire." The piece will be in two acts, with new scenery and splendid costumes.

The price of admission will be twenty-five cents, and of reserved seats twenty-five cents additional, making fifty cents in all. Parties desiring the latter can obtain them by applying to Prof. E H. Currier, Station M, New York City, enclosing price and stamp for reply.

Rehearsals commenced on Monday night, and as the actors are the pick of the Institution, it promises to eclipse all former events of the kind.

As no little effort is being expended to make it successful, the deaf mute community who desire to see the required amount reached as soon as possible, should appreciate our dramatic effort by turning out *en masse* on the 22d of February, and by encouraging others to do the same.

The Institution has for several years received an annual donation of $25 from Mr. George A. Dockstader, a retired merchant of this city. A week ago this generous-hearted gentleman sent in another check, but this time for double the customary amount—that is, $50.

Engineer Banks, his wife and sister-in-law Edith, attended an entertainment and reception at the Lexington Avenue Opera House, on the 11th inst.

There was rejoicing at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Hodgson, Wednesday, January 12th, because of the arrival of a bouncing girl baby.

Miss Edith E. Ryer, one of the supervisors, was seen flying in a cutter past the Polo Grounds, just as the Toboggan Carnival was in full blast, and into Central Park, where she saw the merry, merry skaters, last Thursday evening.

There was enough rain and slush on the 15th to put the majority in low spirits. This sudden change of weather caused water to run through the roofs and ceilings of some parts of the Institution.

The sixty-eighth Annual Report is being printed in the Institution printing office.

Frank M. Houck, who has lugged books to and from the Mercantile Library the past year, sent in his resignation some time ago, and was succeeded by Willie Coombs.

Louis Lyons' 26th birthday fell on the 13th instant, and the pupils were so enthusiastic with their greetings that Louis had a good "shaking up."

There is in contemplation a contest between the classes of Prof. Currier and Miss Ida Montgomery, in committing to memory the largest number of Chinese proverbs within a certain time.

Frank M. Houck was the guest of Messrs. W. H. Rose and W. H. Fosmire last Saturday night. He said he had a good time there.

At the chapel service last Sunday, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Bishop were present.

The boys have enjoyed an "old time" slide, which extended from the Mansion House to the Hudson River.

Robert Maynard was the guest of John H. Dundon, at Fordham, last Sunday.

Joseph Glosque is considered a better shot than any other pupil in the Institution, as he killed thirteen pigeons which escaped the boundaries of the shooting grounds of the St. Nicholas Gun Club, near the Institution, last Saturday afternoon. But we fear Joseph has a rival shot in the person J. W. Lyons.

Peter Witschief, of Port Jervis, N. Y., called on Wednesday.

Misses Frankie C. Hawkins and Georgie Decker occupied reserved seats at the Broadway Casino, last Friday evening.

Benjamin Dennison sustained a slight accident while coasting on Saturday.

It was rumored hereabouts on Sunday that Walter L. Bingham, the deaf-mute murderer of Lizzie Turlington was captured, but subsequently it was found false.

AQUILA.

Rev. Mr. Mann's Appointments.

January 23—St. Louis.
" 25—St. Louis.
" 29—Toledo.
" 30—Detroit.
" 31—Flint.

Notice.

Deaf-Mutes, of Tarrytown and vicinity are cordially invited to a sign-service in St. Mark's Church, Tarrytown, next Sunday, January 23d, at 3:30 P.M.

Prof A G Bell
Scott Circle

From Rev. Job Turner.

STAUNTON, VA, Jan, 1887.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—I cannot commence this letter, without saying how shocked and pained I felt to hear what had happened to Miss Turlington, the deaf-mute matron of the North Carolina Institution.

I have already stated in my Raleigh letter that I paid my pastoral visit to the Institution, on the 4th ult. I found her as cheerful as ever. She told me she was much attached to her duties. To prove this, I will say that the next morning after my arrival, she assured me that she was very glad to see me again, after parting with me in California, but a few minutes afterwards, she begged me to excuse her, as she was obliged to go and see a sick pupil, the attending physician being present at that time.

On the day of my leaving the school, the 5th ult. while I was breakfasting with the officers, she was sitting with me on the left side, she whispered to me in confidence by spelling on her fingers under the table, asking me whether I would like to marry her and her lover next summer. I answered in the affirmative, and told her that I would like to know his name, but she declined giving it to me, and then I requested her to pardon my curiosity. She replied "all right," and made me promise not to let any body know it till then. I had no idea whatever, who her lover was, till the news of the tragedy reached my ears, when I found it out.

I was much pleased with the kind treatment which I received at the hands of Superintendent Young and his assistants, among whom was the amiable lady alluded to.

She signed to me that she and her friends would be delighted to have me conduct a service in Wilmington, N. C., her native place, next summer, and I told her that I would do so, without fail, she exclaimed that she received my positive assurance with joy. What a very sad change has since taken place!

I was about to take leave of the Institution, when she told me to see her deaf-mute girls, do sewing in free hours, which I did to please her. The girls looked so happy under her charge, as if she were their own mother. She was an excellent hand at teaching them cookery. Under her direction, they often worked public or extraordinary dinners for the Board of directors, when they met at the Institution on business. They said they admired her skill as a cook. Her untimely demise must be a hard blow to them. We enjoyed her company in California, she being a lady of great intelligence, and amiability, with a sweet, smiling countenance. She expressed herself as having been delighted with our trip to the Pacific Slope.

On the 21st inst, I was at the Deaf Mute College on important business of the Memorial Fund. There one of the students introduced himself to me as Francis Maginn. He said that he had an Episcopal mission at Cork, Ireland. I think I was right in understanding him to say that he intended taking charge of the mission at the completion of his collegiate education.

From his imposing personal appearance, I can safely say that he will make a bright shining star in the East, God sparing his life.

President Gallaudet's mission to Europe, may be attributable to Mr. Maginn's having written several letters to the *London Times*, advising the people to adopt our American system, which is now being agitated beyond the blue sea. He is said to have addressed a letter to Hon. W. E. Gladstone, the Prime Minister.

I understand from the best authority that Mr. Maginn's uncle, the famous Hon. Wm. Maginn, LL.D., would have been sent to Vienna as an ambassador many years ago, but was carried off by death.

He has, I hear, taken charge of the silent bible class at the Church of the Ascension, Washington City, in lieu of Mr. Cloud, who now enjoys the dignity of a professor at the Illinois Institution.

President Gallaudet's absence from the college deprived me of the pleasure of meeting him. He had gone to Vermont with the body of his nephew, who died at his residence after his return from Colorado, the climate of which state did not give his health any benefit. He was expected back that night.

Just before leaving the college, one of the professors told me that Prof. Alexander Graham Bell, the inventor of the telephone, would like to have me call and see him. So I made him my promised visit that night.

Receiving me into his princely resident with the cordiality of a true friend, he told me that he and his family were just sitting to dinner, and kindly invited me to it. I had the pleasure of meeting his wife at the table for the first time. They had a lady friend, Mrs. Pratt, whom I found as much interested in deaf-mutes as himself.

I passed a very pleasant evening with them. Prof. Bell gave me some topics about deaf mutes which interested me very much indeed, for I left his house a wiser man.

He gave me an amusing anecdote. While he was in England, her majesty Queen Victoria sent him word that she wanted him to show her his invention. He did so, at her palace, and made a mistake in touching her on the shoulder while she was talking with a lady in the opposite direction. The queen turned around, and smiled at him. He requested her to pardon his rudeness, and told her that he was in the habit of touching his deaf wife at home.

He spoke highly of the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, and said that it was of too great value to be thrown into the fire. He said that he wanted the whole file of the JOURNAL, and asked me where and from whom he could get it. He added that he would also like to procure the *Guide, National Gazette, Friend, Casket,* and other deaf-mute papers for his own library.

Not very long ago, while I was visiting Hartford, Conn., I called on Rev. W. W. Turner, who showed me one of his large library-drawers (as large as a store-drawer,) full of the DEAF MUTES' JOURNAL to the top. He told me that he liked the paper so much, that he filed it. What has since become of it does not occur to me.

Prof. Bell said to me that before the building of the Asylum, Dr. Cogswell, of Hartford, Conn., published a circular saying to that citizens that he had got the names of seventy mutes in Connecticut, which caused the legislature to pass a resolution establishing the asylum. He asked me whether the original circular could be found. I told him that it might be at the Hartford Wardsworth Library. He said again that Mr. Green, of Boston, reported in the Boston papers of that day that he had found sixty mutes in Massachusetts. It is a great pity if both the original circulars cannot be found anywhere.

I had it from his mouth, that he found the first census returns in the basement of one of the Departments. That census was taken in 1790, if I do not mistake.

Prof. Bell's wife always speaks to him and others, and reads the motions of their lips without using the manual alphabet or even our signs. She and I had to talk to each other by writing on paper, she being unable to spell our alphabet. She must think in words only.

Before I received my education, I could write my name and address with my own hands, as follows: "Job. Turner, Boston, Mass." I thought of them in my mind without using the manual alphabet, like Mrs. Bell. I used to think in words, and write them on the palm of my left hand with the forefinger of my right hand. After being sent to school, I was amused to see the pupils making signs and did not like this language, because I had always used and could understand well as far as fractions, but a sojourn of several months among them changed the nature of my mind.

For example, while I was one afternoon walking down an ancient street in Boston, I happened to see hanging over a large lump on a dish in a grocery store window, a piece of wood, on which was chalked "butter." I quickly understood that that word belonged to the butter on the dish, and learned it by copying it repeatedly on the palm of my left hand with the forefinger of my right hand, till I could say it by heart. The window was near where Gov. Hutchinson, one of the colonial chief magistrates of Massachusetts lived.

Prof. Bell is still interested in his theory. He showed it to me in his study, and I found it more interesting than the one which he has already published.

I think his house is every thing that he could desire. I admired its architecture. Against his wish, I was obliged to say good bye to him and his family, as my train was about leaving for the South. Before leaving him, he so kindly gave me two cups of tea, which did me much good that cool night. He politely requested me to let him drive me to the depot in his buggy at so late an hour, but I declined it. I walked to the depot for exercise, which is always keeps my health good.

I was at Evansville, Ind., on the 29th and 30th ult., enjoying the fine hospitality of Mr. Charles Kerney, a graduate of the college, Principal of the Deaf-Mute Day School, which he hopes at no distant date to have converted into a state institution, which may be called the Southern Indiana Institution.

On the night of my arrival, Miss Emma Stewart, a nice-looking deaf-mute lady, a graduate of the Indiana Institution, gave a sociable to a good number of deaf-mutes at her mother's comfortable house commanding the Ohio River. I enjoyed the reception very much.

Let me say a word about her grand father, *Evans*. He founded the city of Evansville, which is so named for him. I was surprised to find it a much larger place than I thought it war.

The next day, 30th, Mr. Kerney's kind-hearted sister gave a grand dinner to his guests and day scholars at her house.

The same night, Mr. Kerney gave an exhibition and several tableaux to a full house, in spite of the inclemency of the weather.

Among the persons present were Miss Robertson and Prof. Detrol, both of the Indiana Institution. Mr. Kerney acquitted himself very well. I witnessed his performances with pleasure. He gave a free show to about two thousand people, who filled the hall to overflowing, considering the sleety and slippery walking.

I returned here on the evening of the New Year.

I cannot conclude this letter without saying what a hard shock it was to me to learn of Prof. Wing's death, as I saw him in so robust health at the California Convention a few months ago.

Yours sincerely,
JOB. TURNER.

☞ Subscribe for the DEAF MUTES' JOURNAL.

Metamora, Ind.

DEAR JOURNAL:—I feel confident that the correspondents of the JOURNAL will strive to make the paper more interesting than ever this year.

"Montague Tigg" is certainly a good correspondent, and the nicest thing of all is, there is lots of fun, but no harm in him. I believe if he would see a baby sit down in a kettle of boiling water, his first impulse would be to laugh.

"Free Lance's" communications take my fancy. I thought, from the tone of his missives, that he had just reached manhood; but his article about the war convinced me of the fact that he was probably wearing breeches, made in the "Oscar Wilde" style, at that period.

I have a notion to try my skill, and write an article about war; but I do not like to write a funny letter about war, for it is one of the awfulest things I know of. It filled millions of homes with sorrow. Dragged men from their comfortable and happy homes to the field of battle to be slain, where they were buried in trenches without coffins. My father went all through the war, and, O God, how changed he was on his return! I opened an old trunk up stairs, which was about half full of letters written during the war. In reading them, I felt my lips quiver. One letter said "Tell Mrs. Leish that her husband was killed by my side, but break the news to her in as gentle a manner as possible." What a tale these letters told! One said that the boys marched 18 miles without water; next day, marched 13 miles, and slept in a corn field, and ate raw side meat, and next day, they ate beans, crackers, and soldier's food. Many of my friends induced me to join the Sons of Veterans, last summer, which I did, being the only deaf boy in the order here. They had no trouble in making me understand. When I get sick, they visit me, etc. The captain has no moustache, hence, you see, I can understand his lips easily.

On Decoration Day, last summer, I happened to be in a widow's cozy home, when the procession was about to pass. It was headed by a brass band, followed by a hearse containing flowers, to decorate the graves of the dead heroes. When they passed the window, the gray haired veterans were keeping time with music (I could only hear the bass drum). It was too much for her, and I saw she was silently crying. I bet the whole war was before her again, and she wondered if her beloved husband's grave would be decorated. She did not know where he was buried. I started out, but she beckoned me back, and showed me a cigar her husband had partly smoked, and his last presents to her. I hope this nation will never have another war.

I like to read about war. I have read of wars that were really funny, for instance, that of Queen Semmaris, with her three thousand ox hides placed on the backs of camels, to make the powerful king of the Indies think they were big brown elephants trained to toss the enemy about with their trunks, and trample down with their huge feet. When the king saw them, he wondered where she got them, but licked her, anyhow. Another is that of old giant Goliath, who thought he could thump any of the men of the other army on the head, just as he would a watermelon, and kill them. No one had the pluck to tackle him. David, a little chap, heard his challenge, and remarked that if old Goliath fooled around him, he would give him a black eye. David got mad, threw off his coat, picked up a stone, and knocked the old boaster in the head, killing him.

Boone says Burlington needs a mute minister. I will suggest that Boone get his religion from Dr. Talmage's sermons. The *Cincinnati Enquirer* publishes them every Monday in the daily issue, also in the weekly. When I have not time to read them, I cut them out, and keep them till Sunday. Read two of his sermons to-day. Say, Boone, why not read the Bible also. It is God's message to the people. The Bible is certainly interesting. The wars of Scripture times led by Darius, Cyrus, David etc, are fascinating. It was while reading of the destruction of Jerusalem by Titus, that I awoke from my drowsiness to realize my lot-t estate. If a person wishes to inherit the heavenly crown, he must be born again through the church, thus become spotless from sin. We were born, and we must die. God has plainly told us that if we would lead an upright life, and believe in Jesus Christ, while on earth, till we die, he would restore our hearing, and let us live in his kingdom for ever and ever. I for one, am trying to be good. While the siege of Jerusalem was in progress, the Jews, who were shut up in the city, were in great want of food. Hunger impelled one of the Jewish women to devour her own child. When Titus heard of it, he was so shocked that he vowed the destruction of the whole Jewish race, and ninety-seven thousand Jews perished, some were torn into pieces by wild beasts. Now what is hell compared with this. I can't see why people continue breaking God's commandments, when he is, and has always been so good to us, and when we know full well that to sin is to place ourselves in a far worse place than the Jews were.

I was in a barber shop Saturday. While there, I saw a picture of the finding of the body of Miss Turlington, who was killed by Walter Bingham, in the *National Police Gazette* Did not read the paper, just looked at the picture.

Huffy, I gladly welcome you, and deeply sympathize with our good friend, Charles F. Pence Write often. If you have no items, write on any subject.

"Once in a while," you are the best correspondent from Indiana. I do not know John Ryman, but Papa told me there was a deaf man in town, who played a horn, and took up a collection. Papa said the man said he was deaf, but could hear through an ear trumpet, and talk. Wonder if he is the same one you spoke of.

I was surprised to hear that David Sampson was a section hand. He is a good man, but I wouldn't like his work. Too hard.

M. R. T. was glad to hear that the Institution has a new mute teacher. I am afraid that the legislature will not appropriate any funds this year to enlarge the Institution. The two parties are so equally divided, and the main object of each party seems to be to get a United States Senator.

HIAWATHA.

Jan. 9, '87.

ESTABLISHED 1830

Geo. W. Welsh

HAS REMOVED to NEW STORE,
233 GREENWICH ST., cor. BARCLAY ST.
NEW YORK.

Elevated R. R. station at door. One block below old stand, where, with additional space, increased facilities and an entirely new stock, he is enabled to offer at the lowest cash prices.

WATCHES, DIAMONDS, JEWELRY,
SOLID SILVER,
MARBLE CLOCKS, FANCY GOODS,

Watch Repairing and Jobbing of all kinds done on the premises.

EVERY ARTICLE WARRANTED.

GRAND FAIR AND LEVEE

IN BEHALF OF

The Gallaudet Memorial Fund,

AT HORTICULTURAL HALL

Tremont Street, opp. the Old Burying Ground,

Tuesday Eve, February 22d, 1887.

The Second National Convention of the Deaf, at New York City, on the 28th of August, 1883, unanimously voted to raise the sum of $5,000, or more, by subscriptions, for a statue in bronze to REV. DR. THOMAS H. GALLAUDET, our best friend and benefactor.

The Deaf-Mutes of New England

to contribute their share, will hold a

Grand Fair and Levee

as above stated,

All Day and Night,

All Deaf-Mutes and their friends are *respectfully urged* to contribute *something* towards its success; any articles made by hand, specimens of their skill and industry, will be welcome. These will be on exhibition, and an enjoyable time promised to all attending, with various amusements provided for all.

Many prominent Deaf-Mutes have promised their assistance for the *Credit of New England*. No pains or expense will be spared to make the occasion one to be proud of. *Come and help us.* Contribute something, no matter what, and give or loan it for the exhibition.

☞ Those who donate articles of $2 00 or more in value to the Fair, will be admitted *free* to the Hall, but *not* those who may *loan* articles.

A Committee of experts will audit the accounts of the Fair, and the result will be made known to the public. Remember what THOMAS H. GALLAUDET has done for us, and let us show our *gratitude* to his memory by deeds, not words.

Many prominent Mutes, and others interested in their education in New England, New York, and other States have been invited to honor the occasion with their presence.

In addition to this, there will be several games, viz: The DUMB BAND, FAN DRILL, GUESS CAKE and Guessing the Number of Beans in a Jar; a few Dances, viz: WALTZ, POLKA, &c., in some of which prizes will be given to the most graceful Mute Lady dancer; Handsomest Lady Present, and for the most Comical, Original, and Prettiest Costume; and to the person who guesses the nearest number of Beans in the Jar, and Weight of the Cake. (15 cents each guess.)

THE MASQUERADE MARCH

will begin at 8:30 P.M. (sharp), which it is hoped will be the finest ever held in this city by the Deaf-Mutes.

The Management of the Fair and Masquerade will be under the care of Mrs. GEORGE A. HOLMES and her Aids.

There will be no Banquet, but *Refreshments* will be served in the Hall, on the European plan, consisting of the best Coffee, Cold Ham, Tongue, Rolls, Cakes and Ice Cream.

The HALL, which is one of the finest and most convenient in the city, will remain open all night, for the accommodation of those from a distance. The Management wish to assure all who may come that the best of order will be *strictly* maintained. All articles contributed, will be sold at Acution, before the close of the Entertainment.

The Deaf-Mutes and their friends should read the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL every week, as the Manager intends to send notes regarding the progress of the Fair and Levee to that paper.

THE PRICES OF ADMISSION WILL BE

Fair and Levee, Gents, ...	$.75
" " " Ladies, ...	.50
" " " A Gent and Two Ladies,	1.25
Children's Admission to the Hall, . . .	.25

The SHERMAN HOUSE, Court Square, near the City Hall, will accommodate parties at 75 cents per day, for room only, or 50 cents, where two persons occupy one room.

The Young Women's Christian Association, in their new and elegant building on Berkeley Street, corner Appleton, will accommodate ladies at $1.00 per day, including meals.

Any further information can be obtained of GEORGE A. HOLMES, Registry of Deeds Office, Boston, Mass., or Foster Street, Brighton, Mass. Parties desiring further information, will please enclose postage stamps for the same. Tickets can be obtained through the Manager, or at the Hall.

GEORGE A. HOLMES, *Manager.*

DEAF-MUTE ARTICULATION CLASS.

SECOND YEAR.

MISS S. W. KEELER, after many years of institution experience, has organized a deaf-mute class for thorough instruction in language, articulation and lip-reading. For further information, apply personally or by letter to MISS KEELER,
72 WEST 50TH ST.,
46-3mo. NEW YORK CITY.

SECOND SEASON

GRAND ANNUAL RECEPTION
OF
St. Joseph's Union of Deaf-Mutes.

(Brooklyn Catholic Deaf-Mute S. S Association)

AT

City Assembly Rooms,
Washington St. Junction of Fulton and Court Sts. and Myrtle Ave.

ON WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY EVE.,

Monday, Feb. 21, 1887.

Music by Prof. R. E. Sause.

Tickets, **50 Cents.**
(Admitting gentleman and ladies.)

The City Assembly Rooms are the largest, handsomest and best ball rooms in Brooklyn, situated, as it is, at a point where all the principal horse cars pass and land you in front of the entrance.

Special arrangements have been made with Mr. ***Tyson***, proprietor of the ladies' and gentlemen's oyster and dining-room on the ground floor whereby all may get a good supper at prices to suit every body.

No one will be obliged to eat what he or she does not like nor pay for what he or she does not eat.

Satisfaction guarranted.

Our New York and New Jersey friends and all others coming across the bridge or Fulton Ferry, will please remember that the hall is within ten minutes walk from either up Fulton or Washington Streets.

The Committee will do everything possible for the comfort and enjoyment of all.

COMMITTEE OF ARRANGEMENTS.

JAMES F. O'NEIL, *Chairman.*
D. L. SULLIVAN, JR., W. J. REILLY.

NOTICE

To Graduates & Former Pupils

OF THE

New York Institution

FOR THE

Instruction of the D & D.

All persons at any time pupils in the Institution, are respectfully requested to send to us, at once, their names and residences, and the year in which they left or graduated from school; and, in the case of married women, their maiden name prior to marriage.

I. L. PEET, *Principal.*
C. N BRAINERD, *Supt.*

ADDRESS:
N. Y. Inst'n for the Deaf & Dumb
STATION M,
NEW YORK CITY

1887.

THE AMERICAN STAR BICYCLE.

Special Star, Semi-Racer-Star, Pony-Star, Racing Star.



Safe, practical and fast; no headers or dangerous falls; for comfort, safety, speed, and hill climbing, Star leads all bicycles. Price $75 and upwards.

New catalogue ready. Send one cent stamp.
JOHN M. STOUT, *General Agent.*

Mr Stout is open to engagements to exhibit on the Star Bicycle. Over 500 different tricks.

Photographs of Mr Stout with his bicycle sent by mail on receipt of 27 cents. Address:
J. M. STOUT,
Perth Amboy, N. J.
5-1yr.

DIRECTORY.

For the convenience of the public, we publish in this column, IN ALPHABETICAL ORDER *a list of Societies, Clubs and Associations of Deaf-Mutes*

BROOKLYN SOCIETY OF DEAF-MUTES.

The Brooklyn Society of Deaf-Mutes meets every Wednesday evening, at 8 o'clock, at the Tuttle Hall, 198 Grand St., Brooklyn, N. Y. The officers of the Society are: Henry L. Jubring, Pres't; Henry Hoevel, First Vice-President; Chas E. Green, Second Vice-President; Alex Dezendorf, Secretary; T. J. Godfrey, Treasurer; Robert M Patterson, Sergeant-at-Arms. Its object is to improve moral, intellectual and sociality among its members. All communications should be addressed to the Secretary, Alex Dezendorf, No. 455 Hudson Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.

CALIFORNIA DEAF-MUTE ASSOCIATION.

This association is a branch of the Y. M. C. A., of San Francisco. President, Moses I. Arouson Vice-President, Thos. F. Finnegan; Secretary, Leo C Williams; Treasurer, Henry J McCoy; Librarian, Frank D. Shattuck. Divine services first and third Sundays in each month, alternate at 11 A.M. Regular business meetings, first Thursday in each month. Address all communications to the Secretary, Leo C. Williams, cor. Church and Dorland Streets, San Francisco, Cal.

CAMBRIDGE SOCIETY OF DEAF-MUTES.

The objects of the Cambridge Society of Deaf Mutes are to promote the spiritual, moral, educational and intellectual welfare of the deaf mutes in Cambridge and vicinity. The officers are President, A. W. Olcutt; Secretary, E. W. Fribee, and Treasurer, A. C. Hargrave. Sunday services and prayer meeting from 12:30 to 2 P.M. at the Central Square First Baptist Church, until further notice.

CATHOLIC LITERARY AND BENEVOLENT UNION, OF NEW YORK.

The Catholic Literary and Benevolent Union of Deaf-Mutes, meets for the present every Thursday evening at 8 P.M., in the College Building of St. Francis Xavier, 39 West 15th Street First and last meetings of the month for members only. Debates every second Thursday. Lectures every third Thursday. Strangers and deaf-mutes in general cordially invited. James Russell, President. All communications should be addressed to P. F. Cassidy, Corresponding Secretary, 506 West Street, New York City.

CINCINNATI SOCIETY.

The Anderson Society dates its organization from 1879, and has for its object the moral and mental improvement of its members, by lectures, debate, and other entertainments. Regular meetings on the first and third saturday evenings of each month, at 8 o'clock, are held in Anderson Hall, No. 192 West Fifth Street. Visitors may be introduced by members, and those interested, from other places are cordially welcomed. Mr Alfred Bierlein is President, and Mr. Fred Reiker, Secretary. The latter's address is No. 61 Moore Street, Cincinnati, O.

CLERC LITERARY ASSOCIATION, OF PHILADELPHIA.

The Clerc Literary Association, a branch of All Souls' Guild, meets every Thursday evening, at 8 P.M., in the lecture room of the Church of the Covenant, Filbert Street above 17th Street. Lectures every Thursday evening, except 2nd Thursday of each September, 1st Thursday of December and March, and last Thursday of June, which are assigned for quarterly business meetings. Its object shall be the moral and intellectual improvement and social enjoyment of the members. Mr. Geo. Slifer is President, and Thomas Breen is the Secretary, and the latter's address is No. 1917 Monument Avenue, Philadelphia, Pa.

DE L'EPEE CATHOLIC DEAF-MUTES' ASSOCIATION, PHILADELPHIA.

Meetings, the first and third Sundays of the month, in the building of the Deaf-Mutes' Mission 710 Pine Street. The object of the Association is the spiritual and temporal welfare of its members. Thomas Breen is President, and Mr Edward J. Carr, Secretary. Applications should be made to the Secretary, 2710 E Somerset or Rev. E. V. Lebreton, 710 Pine Street.

GRANITE STATE DEAF-MUTE MISSION.

The Granite State Deaf-Mute Mission meets every year in different parts of New Hampshire, and elects its officers every other year. The object of the mission is to promote the moral welfare of the mute community in the State. The officers are as follows:—Willie E White, President, Bennington; Willie A Dering, Secretary, Pittsfield; Almos Smith, Treasurer, New Boston.

PAS-A-PAS CLUB, OF CHICAGO.

The Pas-a-Pas Club is an organization of Chicago mutes effected with the object of dispensing intellectual improvement and moral amusement to its members and friends. Its motto is, Pas-a-Pas—"step by step." Regular meetings are held on the first and third Saturday of each month at eight o'clock in the evening, in Ladies' Parlor, third floor, Young Men's Christian Association Building, 148 E Madison Street. Visitors from out of town are ever welcome. The club is officered as follows: President, Matthew Mullen; Vice President, Edward Kingon; Secretary, Matt Mullen; Treasurer, Jas. K. Watson. Address President or Secretary Pas-a Pas Club, care Young Men's Christian Association, Chicago.

ST. JOSEPH'S UNION, OF BROOKLYN, N. Y

Meets every Tuesday evening at 21 Sidney Place, corner Living-tone St, Brooklyn. Object: mutual aid. All communications to be addressed to William Eunis, 19 Fifth Street, So. Brooklyn

ST. LOUIS DEAF-MUTE CLUB.

The St. Louis Deaf-Mute Club holds its meeting at the St. Louis Young Men's Christian Association, on 11th and Locust Sts. Regular business meeting on the second Saturday in each month, for business only. The purposes of the club are principally of a social nature, but the Literary advancements of St. Louis ladies and gentlemen will not be neglected. Lectures will be announced by the President from time to time, and all are welcomed on such occasions. Strangers in town are cordially invited to drop in at any time of the day, and make themselves at home. Officers: President, W. E. Guss; Vice President, E. Harden; Secretary, D A Simpson; Treasurer, Louis Jacoby; Sergeant-at-Arms, Leo A. Froming; Trustees, W T Campbell and Geo. T. Dougherty. Address the Secretary, 2249 Sullivan Ave.

THE BAY STATE DEAF-MUTE CHRISTIAN MISSION.

This Mission is for the intellectual, moral, and religious welfare of deaf-mutes in those places where their numbers make it advisable; to encourage the formation of Union Societies, for the mutual benefit of all, in their respective localities; to interest all friends of humanity and Christianity in their behalf; to assist in giving extra services to such local Union Societies, which are in need of more services than they can maintain themselves; to offer an additional or extended help to any independent local society, with their co-operation; to strengthen the ties of Christian and ministerial brotherhood; and to discuss subjects pertaining to sacred ministry. The officers are E W Prisbee, President; Wm. Bailey, Treasurer; and A C. Hargrave and H. F Chapman, Executive Committee.

THE NEW ENGLAND GALLAUDET ASSOCIATION OF DEAF-MUTES.

The New England Gallaudet Association of Deaf-Mutes, named in honor of Thomas H Gallaudet, is now officered by W. H. Weeks, of Hartford, Conn., President; F W Bigelow, of Cooleys, Mass, Vice-President; Geo C Sawyer, of Lowell, Mass, Secretary; Levi A. Lester, of Providence, R I., Treasurer. State Managers: Charles Folsom, for Maine; William Bailey, for Massachusetts; Edwin H French, for New Hampshire; J T Keefe, for Vermont; Henry M Fairman, for Connecticut, and John F. Donnelly, for Rhode Island. It is to meet in 1886.

(DIRECTORY—CONTINUED)

THE NEW JERSEY DEAF-MUTES' LIT. ASSOCIATION, OF NEWARK.

Meets every two week, Thursday evening, at 7:45 sharp, in the Rector Street Chapel, in Rector Street near Park Street. The officers of the Association are: President, Matthew M Hambay; Vice-President, Alfred H Bousfield; 2d Vice President, William Ersinger; Treasurer, Peter Kinney; Secretary, Thos. R. Stewart; Sergeant-at-Arms, John P. Cotter. All communications should be addressed to the Secretary, Thomas R. Stewart, 30 Searing Avenue, East Newark, N. J

THE SALEM SOCIETY OF DEAF-MUTES.

The Salem Society of Deaf-Mutes is an unsectarian society, organized in Sept. 23, 1874, and occupies a whole building of four rooms, No. 2 rear of Mansfield Block. Divine services, every Sunday, and prayer meeting, every Friday evenings. The members are at liberty to use it at any time (day or evening) in the week for reading, etc The officers of the Society for 1886 are: William Bailey, President; P S Bowden, Secretary; L L. Chapman, Treasurer, and Hardy P. Chapman and P W Packard, Executive Committee. W. K. Bigelow, I. P. Harris, Geo. Pease Trustees.

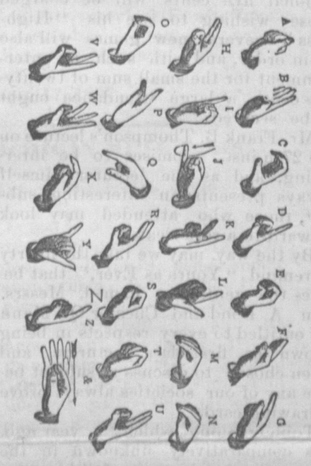
THE TROY LITERARY SOCIETY.

The society holds its meetings every Saturday evening at 7:30 P.M., in the Guild room of St. Paul's Church, cor. 3d and State Streets. Its regular meeting for ladies and gentlemen is every two Saturday evenings. The object is for the moral improvement of its members by lectures, debates and story telling. The officers of the society are William T Collin, President; Chas. A Smith, First Vice President; Harrison Burt Second Vice President; James M. Witbeck, Secretary; James C. Ritter, Treasurer, and H Brown, Sergeant-at-Arms. It also has a Bible Class at the Guild Room every Sunday at 3 o'clock P M, under the leadership of its Chairman. All the deaf-mutes and strangers in town and its vicinity are invited to drop in at the Bible Class and regular meetings. The Secretary's address is H C Bacom's Shop, cor. River and Hoosic Streets, Troy, N Y.

WESTERN PENNSYLVANIA DEAF-MUTE PRAYER MEETING OF PITTSBURGH.

The Deaf-Mute Prayer Meeting meets every Thursday evening at 7:30 P.M., in the Young Men's Christian Association, on Sixth Avenue near Wood street. The deaf-mutes also hold Sabbath meetings in the Reformed Presbyterian Church, on 8th street near Duquesna Way St., every Sunday afternoon at two o'clock Strangers and deaf-mutes in general are cordially invited. All communications relating to the Young Men's Christian Association should be sent to the Committee, H. H B. McMaster, No. 58 Pride St., Pittsburgh, Pa.

MANUAL ALPHABET
AND
CALLING CARDS COMBINED



We are printing Manual Alphabet Visiting or Calling Cards, of the best quality, cheaper than any publishing office in America. Your name neatly printed on the reverse side, in stylish type, and the cards sent by mail, post-paid, on receipt of price, to any part of the United States and Canada.

PRICE LIST:

50 Cards with name,	*25 cents.*
*100 " " " *	*50 "*

Address
DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL,
STATION M,
New York City.

NEW YORK INSTITUTION
FOR THE
INSTRUCTION OF THE DEAF & DUMB.

The undersigned, offers for sale to

DEAF-MUTES AND THEIR FRIENDS,

a large and fine picture of this Institution and surroundings, with portraits of the present principal and of the late principal.

DR. HARVEY P. PEET,

executed by H. P. Arms, a skillful deaf-mute lithographer of Philadelphia, in whose interest he has consented to act.

THE H. P. PEET MEMORIAL,

which the graduates of the New York Institution have so much at heart,

WILL BE DIRECTLY BENEFITTED

by the sale of this picture, as a portion of the small amount asked for each copy, will go directly into the Treasury of this fund. The picture measures 27x35 inches.

THE PRICE IS ONLY $1.25,

on receipt of which a copy, neatly packed, will be sent by mail post-paid.

Send by Money Order or Postal Note to—

ISAAC LEWIS PEET, Principal,
Station M, New York City.
9-6mo.